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for 1975

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BEST PERFORMANCE
FROM AN ACTOR IN A
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henry "peace prize"
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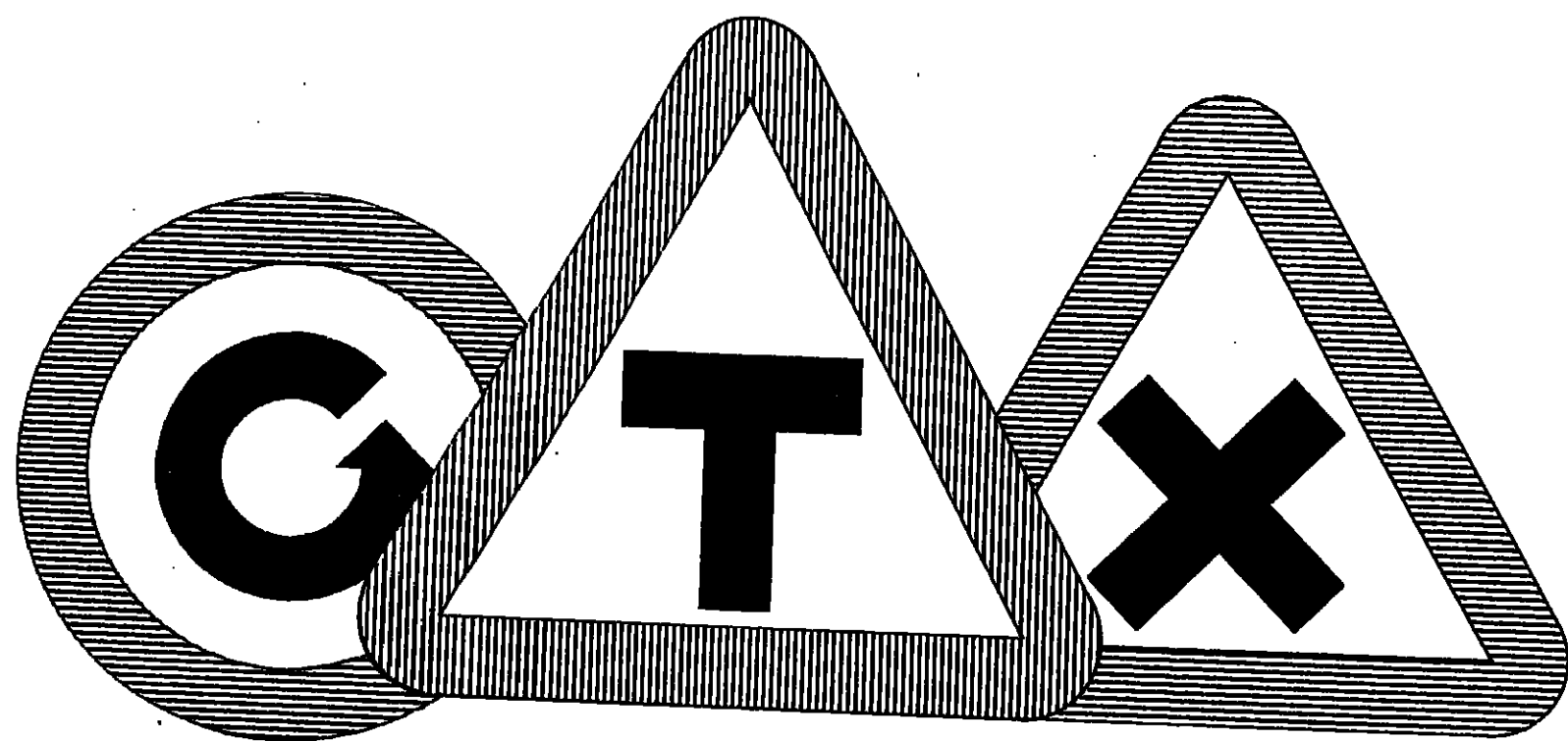



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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, January 2, 1976



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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE



George Leonof, whose Dry Bones Awards for 1975 are presented in nostalgic Art Deco style on the cover. (Photo: Mike Goldberg)

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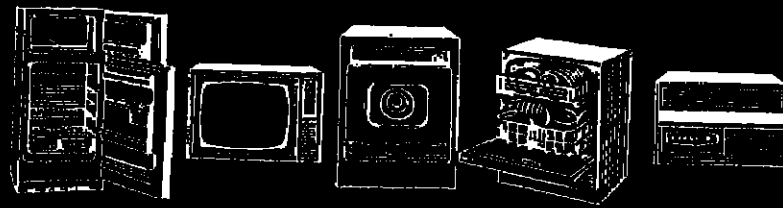
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MAKING DO WITH OIL

As our principal fuel until the end of the century, reports DAVID KRIVINE,
oil must be made the target of intensive search . . . and used more sparingly.

INCONVENIENT as it is, by the
end of this century Israel will still
be dependent on oil for 75 per cent
of its energy. To cope, it must both
economize on fuel and go all-out to
locate the oil which experts
believe lies below the ground.

So says Government energy
chief Zvi Dinstei, who thinks that
nuclear energy, the only serious
rival to liquid fuel, will be slow in
replacing its competitor. By 1985
atomic plants will be supplying
only 16 per cent of the world's
total energy as compared with the
present 8.8 per cent.

This increase will not quench
Israel's oil thirst. Like most small
countries it can use nuclear power
only to generate electricity, and
indeed by the year 2000 two-thirds
of Israel's electricity output
should be freed from the present
total dependence on oil thanks to
planned nuclear and coal-powered
facilities.

But electricity accounts for only
one-third of the country's power
needs. At the pace at which Israel
accelerates energy use, doubling
oil consumption every decade, it
will be buying more petroleum 25
years hence than it does today,
notwithstanding the drop in
reliance on oil from the present
100 per cent to 75.

THE FACT that oil will continue
to be the world's most important
fuel for the next quarter of a century
is uncomfortable not only for
Israel — because this commodity
has been taken out of the normal
trading process by OPEC, the
first cartel of this magnitude in history.

Pursuit of off-beat possibilities
like solar energy, wind power,
hydro-electric power and other
devices is valuable, because
every dollar saved on oil is a
dollar gained. But these sub-
stitutes are still small-scale and
their impact will, for a long time
ahead, be merely marginal.

Dr. Dinstei believes a great
deal can be done to save expense.
Some car makes are more thirsty
for petrol than others, even
though they have the same engine
size. In general, the energy re-
quirement of different appliances
ranges from one to four, he says.

"We haven't started economiz-
ing yet," Dinstei declares. "All
electrical products and power
tools should be labelled with the
amount of energy they use — as
food products detail their vitamin
contents. Those instruments that
turn out to be costly should be
penalized through taxes. It is
possible to save between 10 and 15
per cent of our energy consump-
tion."

That may not seem much, but
out of a fuel import bill of \$550m. a
year, an economy of 15 per cent
could save the country \$100m.

ONE DAY nearly 20 years ago a
report, spearheaded through the
corridors of the Labour Ministry that
Golda Meir's office (she was then
Labour Minister) was open to all
comers. Staffers converged on the
office to gaze at the first tube of oil
from Heletz, that Goida held up
smilingly for all to see.

The deposit did not amount to
the end to very much (it still
yields a meagre 500 barrels a
day); and public interest in the oil
search has flagged. Tel Aviv

Israel Lior, the new Oil Search
Commissioner, is convinced that
the subject is by no means closed.

Somewhere under our feet there
are in all probability oil deposits
sufficient to replace not just
Heletz and Zohar, but Abu Rodels
(which until recently provided
half the country's fuel) — and
perhaps even more than that. The
problem is to find it.

The search has been on for 25
years — but not in a serious
manner or on a proper scale.
Perhaps \$40m. has been invested
all told in prospecting during a
quarter-of-a-century — "which is
peanuts" by the standards of oil
circles.

Says Lior: "Take the area
round Vienna, Austria. It is about
the size of our prospecting zone in-
side Israel. There have been 8,800
drillings there, including seven at
a depth of seven kilometres plus.
We have done 150 wildcat drillings
in all, and none of them as deep as
seven kms.

"Also the work was done
sporadically. Some of the prospec-
ting companies did not drill at all,
some drilled once or twice and
gave up. There was no big coor-
dinated, systematic effort."

It is understandable. The
Government wanted investment
funds to be concentrated on
creating jobs, on manufacturing
goods, not on speculating in a kind
of geological Toto. Yet experts
believed from the beginning that
Israel is almost certainly an oil-
bearing zone.

AS RECENTLY as Sept. 1973,
a committee under Prof. Aviahu
Ginzburg of the Technion
pronounced itself "persuaded that
there are reasonable expectations
of discovering petroleum in com-
mercial quantities in the soil of
Israel." It recommended the
allocation of IL110m. for the
search, over a five-year period.

It might have been a lost cause
yet, but for the interim agreement
with Egypt. Since the acquisition
of Abu Rodels in 1967, oil prospec-
ting had been brought almost to a
standstill.

The transfer of the West Sinai
wells to Sadat two months ago has
revived interest. The Ginzburg
committee report was looked at
afresh; and IL1,000m. (not
IL110m.) is being devoted to this
target over the coming five years.

It is costly to drill — IL80,000 a
day on land, \$50,000 a day off-
shore. On the other hand, the price
of oil now offers a new bonanza.
Seismic surveys have been
made of the entire coastal area.

Lior says: "We shall be under-
taking 15-17 drillings a year, and
shall go deeper than before." For
the first time one bore will probe
seven kms. into the earth's
bowels. A deep-drilling machine is
due for delivery in the new year
which, says Lior, is "a little fac-
tory in its own right, costing
IL45m. 50m. a year to operate."

In addition, eight drillings will be
done off-shore in the next two
years.

BUT WHY the investigations in A-
Tur, which is in the South of
Sinai, an area that may have to
be handed over, like Abu Rodels,
to the Egyptians in exchange for a
settlement?

The answer given in informed

circles is this. Investigations in-
dicate two likely oil-bearing
stretches. The first is the coastal
strip, all the way from Haifa to Be-
Arish, a belt some 20 kms. wide —
10 kms. inland and 10 kms.
offshore. The second promising
area is the Red Sea coast, round
A-Tur.

If oil is struck there, it belongs
to whatever company made the
investment. "Abu Rodels," an of-
ficial explains, "was not our in-
vestment, though we made im-
provements and extensions.
Basically it was something the
Egyptians could claim as theirs."

"But if a company associated
with Israel's oil search develops
an operating field from scratch,
then there is a value to that in-
stallation and a price to be paid
for it. There could be compensa-
tion to the company, or an oil-
sharing agreement, or whatever.
Anyway, it would be a matter for
negotiation."

WHAT ABOUT the ingenious
alternatives to oil that are spoken
of? They are slow in making their
presence felt. Dr. Ya'acov Aram,
chairman of the Israel Electricity
Corporation Board, points out the
atomic energy was discovered
quite a long time ago, in 1946.
Thirty years later it accounts for
negligible percentage of the
world's power resources.

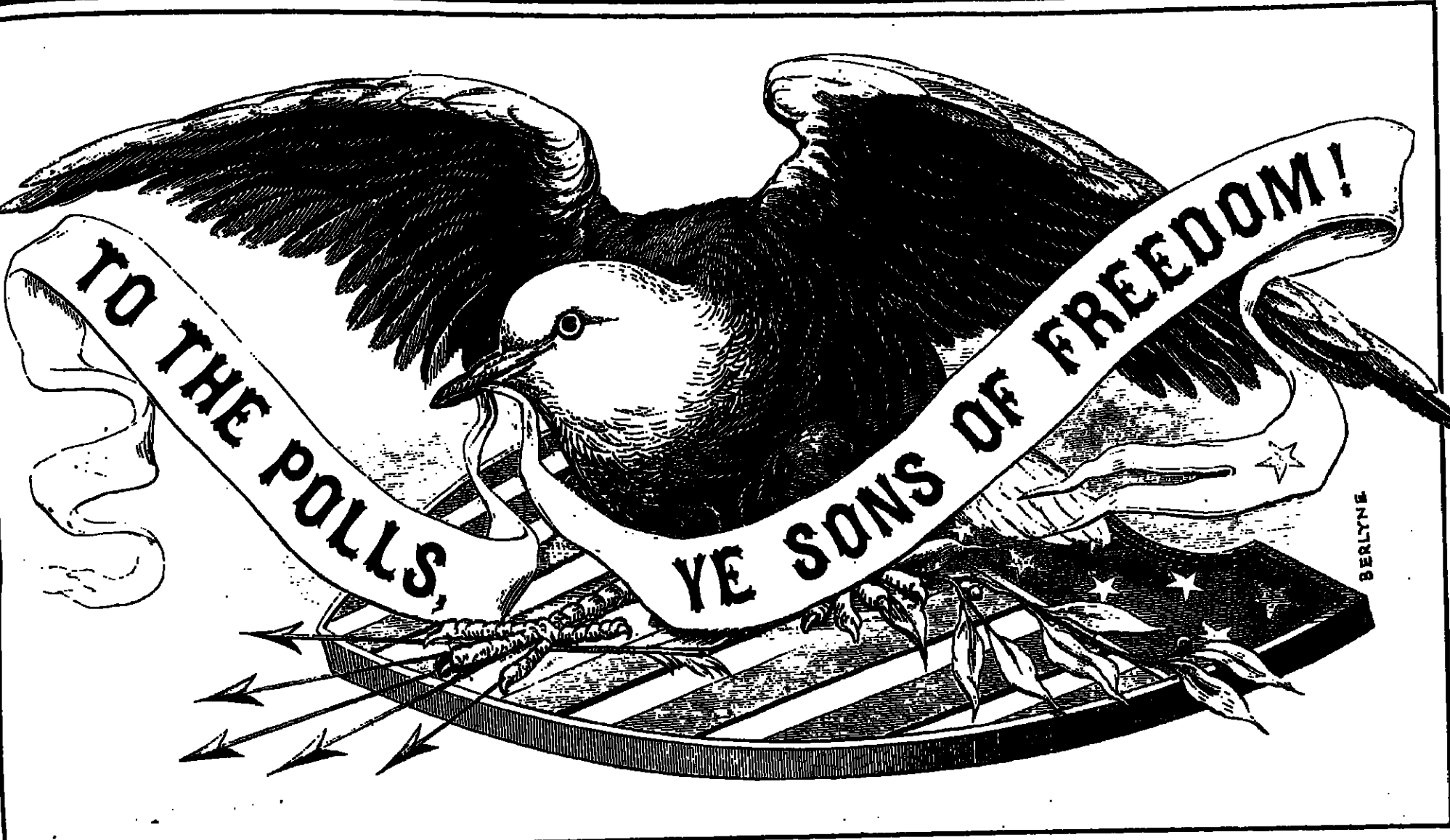
This, of course, is explained in
part by the fact that petroleum
was up till two years ago in-
credibly cheap, compared with all
potential substitutes, including
coal. Now that its price has
soared, will not that stimulate the
development of substitutes?

It can and does; but Aram
cautiously points out that
whatever price OPEC charges, it
still costs only 16 cents a barrel to
mine oil in Saudi Arabia. Con-
sequently if a rival product comes
into the market, at the cost of
heavy investment, it can find
itself undercut by the oil itself.
They sell at \$11.50 a barrel today;
they could still make a profit at
half that figure, which dis-
courages competition.

One thing is certain, however:
the more time passes, the smaller
the tribute OPEC can extort.
Despite uncertainties created by
the oil cartel, their commodity is
high-priced now, and that does
coax into existence new energy
sources which would otherwise
have been ignored: high-cost
petroleum from the North Sea,
coal that is difficult of access, and
whatever other substitutes
zealous prospectors can think up.

IN ISRAEL the opportunities for
energy diversification are limited
for the moment, relative to the
size of the problem. All the ex-
pense and effort of building a
canal from the Mediterranean to
the Dead Sea (creating a torrent
to generate hydro-electric power)
would only yield a couple of hun-
dred megawatts. The coal-fired
station planned for Hadera will
produce 1,400 MW.

Therefore while every stimulus
should be given to new ventures,
the big solutions that can substan-
tially reduce Israel's dependence
on imports, as things look to-
day, remain only two: economy in
the use of power, and the search
for indigenous oil.



STRAINED RELATIONS

Washington is irritated by what it sees as Israeli diplomatic stalling pending the outcome of the American elections in
November, reports WOLF BLITZER from the U.S. capital. Pro-Israeli legislators hope Prime Minister Rabin will drop
his "never" statements when he addresses a joint session of Congress during his visit to America at the end of this month.

JUST FOUR MONTHS after the
United States and Israel signed
their lengthy and detailed
memorandum of agreement call-
ing for close coordination of policy
in future Middle East peace
moves, serious strains have
developed between Washington
and Jerusalem.

Israeli circles here are trying to
downplay the problems, express-
ing the hope that the two countries
will eventually work things out.
But Administration officials are
not all that optimistic, largely
because of what they regard as
the Israel Government's
deliberate effort to stonewall any
diplomatic movement until after
the November Presidential election
is decided.

President Ford, Secretary of
State Kissinger and most other
American officials are galled by
what they see as Israel's apparent
belief that Ford will not win the
election — and that he may not
even win the Republican nomi-
nation. This Israeli assessment
seems to the Americans to have
emboldened Prime Minister
Rabin and other Israeli leaders to
sit tight and wait it out for a few
months.

The State Department publicly
disagreed with the controversial
remarks of Defence Minister
Shimon Peres, in a recent "New
York Times" interview, predic-
ting that no diplomatic progress in
the Middle East was really likely
this year because of the election.

"We're certainly aware that
1976 can't really be a year of great

decisions in American terms," ad-
ding that Ford's oft-repeated
statements regarding the need to
avoid "stagnation" might result
in "trying to arrange meetings
and contacts but not real
agreements."

THIS TYPE of public positioning
by Israeli officials, coupled with
Rabin's highly-publicized
"never" statements regarding
negotiations with the Palestine
Liberation Organization (PLO) or
even other responsible
Palestinians, have irritated the
Ford Administration, and
promise to complicate the Prime
Minister's visit to Washington at
the end of this month.

American and Israeli officials
alike want to keep Foreign
Minister Yigal Allon's visit next
week limited to the Security Coun-
cil debate on the Middle East,
scheduled to start on January 12.
The Administration's current
policy at Israel, which was
seriously exacerbated last week
by the publication in the Israeli
press of confidential diplomatic
exchanges, is likely to be forceful
ly conveyed to Allon, although the
two sides are waiting for the
Rabin-Ford talks to thrash out
their problems in greater detail.

Israel's position on the Palesti-
nian problem is upsetting Ad-
ministration officials, who are dis-
turbed that Rabin is, ironically,
pressuring them to maintain
America's traditional formula
regarding negotiations with the
PLO, while he himself is unwilling
to accept that formula.

Kissinger has reiterated on
several occasions that the U.S.
will neither recognize nor deal
with the PLO until it accepts
Israel's existence and Security
Council Resolutions 242 and 338.
Although there have been some
distracting signals to Israel that
the State Department may be
planning a change of policy, at
least in tone if not substance, the
public position of the U.S. has
remained essentially the same.

Kissinger and most other
American officials would,
therefore, like Israel to follow the
U.S. lead and take a similar public
stance. They are disappointed at
Rabin's flat refusal to negotiate
with the PLO or other
Palestinians under any cir-
cumstances whatsoever.

Kissinger, Under-Secretary
Joseph Sisco and Assistant
Secretary Alfred Atherton are not
naïve enough to believe that a
change in the Israeli position
would necessarily lead to a
change in the PLO's proclaimed
objective of destroying Israel and
replacing it with a "secular"
Palestine. In fact, the Americans,
including even some hard-core
Arabists in the State Department
who want Israel to meet with the
PLO without any prior conditions,
were disappointed this week by
some outrageous remarks by PLO
spokesman Farouk Kaddoumi in
an interview with "Newsweek"
magazine. "This Zionist ghetto of
Israel must be destroyed," he
declared.

Nevertheless, American of-
ficials would like to see Rabin
Resolutions 242 and 338.

American policymakers, who
follow internal political
developments in Israel very close-
ly, are fully aware of the growing
split within the Israel Govern-
ment on the Palestinian issue, and
are making no secret of their
desire to see the "doves" win. In
fact, they have indicated to this
reporter that during Rabin's visit
here, and possibly even before,
the Israel Government will come
under some strong pressure to
modify its stance.

Several American Jewish
leaders this week privately
concurred with this view.

DURING HIS RECENT month-
long visit to the U.S., Knesset
Member Aharon Yariv was
repeatedly complimented by sup-
porters of Israel on coming
forward with his famous formula
for negotiations with the Palesti-
nian Arabs — a formula that is
widely regarded here as having
led to his resignation.

Yariv, who is one of Israel's
most respected spokesmen in
America, could not really defend
Rabin's position, since he did not
agree with it. In any case, he is
said to have returned home more
convinced than ever that he was
right last year in making his state-
ment, and now in sticking by it.

When Rabin comes here in a few
weeks' time, he will find that most
of his friends from his days as
Ambassador in Washington will
urge him to adopt Yariv's position.
That is the impression one
gets nowadays in Washington.

ONE OUT of every 20 Israelis was the victim of a crime in 1974. The statistic for 1975 is not yet out of the computer, but we have already had some pretty startling figures about the increase in violent crime. Police Minister Shlomo Hillel told the Knesset two weeks ago that, with a 13 per cent rise in crime generally, the number of attempted murders in 1975 rose 100 per cent, from 68 to 168 — although the number of murders remained level during this period: 40 this year as compared with 41 in 1974; murder threats were up 35 per cent, from 28 to 38; and the number of attacks on public officials increased by 26 per cent, from 283 to 351.

But the police still don't like to admit that there is organized crime in this country. There may be various groups committing crimes, they say, but since there is no corruption among the police, the American Mafia-style cannot operate here.

Prof. Monahem Amir of the Hebrew University's criminology department notes that in certain areas police don't have to be bribed; there are other corruptible control agencies available, such as customs and port officials or city inspectors in the public markets.

According to a Tel Aviv lawyer, who numbers among his clients, some of Israel's top criminal figures, drug traffickers, rank high on the criminal social ladder. Operated by Israelis of Oriental backgrounds, the drug rings have established excellent cooperation with Arab criminal elements in

involved in organized crime. Unlike the American model, each area of crime tends to be self-contained, and even within a given category there is no one individual or group exercising monolithic control. Referring to drugs, for example, Prof. Amir points out that competition exists between three different groups centred respectively in Bat Yam, Yafa, Keren HaYimonim in Tel Aviv, and Beit Dagon, with each group jockeying for a larger share of the market. Similarly, control of the open markets is believed to be not in the hands of one individual, but of two, perhaps three, families.

The increase in organized crime in recent years, or more specifically, the organization of crime, is a result, according to Prof. Amir, of the same supply and demand factors which determine the growth of any other industry. He points to the affluence following the Six Day War and the desire of Israelis to share in the good life. The high customs tariffs on many of the components of the good life — the tape recorders, TV sets, automobiles — made it very profitable for criminals to attempt to meet the demand. As it increased, the nature of the organization to meet it became more sophisticated and complex.

Fuelling the fires of this consumerism was an internal tax structure which created a rash of tax evasion. By buying goods, the Israeli could not only "launder" his black money, but hedge against inflation. The Tel Aviv lawyer cited earlier notes: "When people are continually scheming

individuals and groups to use violence to get their way. Statistics bear out the effect of the Yom Kippur War on crime and violence. From 1972 to 1974, threats of violence increased by roughly 100 per cent. Murders remained stable, but attempts to kill increased by about 50 per cent. Threats of murder dropped from 51 cases in 1972 to 32 cases in 1974. But this may be due to classification juggling: one Jerusalem Post staffer who told the police that someone had threatened to murder him saw his complaint recorded as a neighbourhood quarrel.

BUT EVEN BEFORE 1972, we were not a particularly peaceful country, according to the Associated Press Almanac of 1973. Referring to the year 1969, Israel had a murder rate of 2.6 per 100,000 individuals as compared with 1.9 in Scotland, 0.8 in Sweden, 0.4 in England, and 0.2 in Norway. There were four countries with higher murder rates than Israel: the United States with 7.2 murders per 100,000, Luxembourg with 6.3, Netherlands 3.9 and West Germany 3.3.

These before-and-after statistics show an increased willingness to use violence following the war. But the question still remains: "Why use violence?" There is a world of difference between wanting to cheat and cheating, between wanting to murder and murdering.

The answer is frightening in its simplicity. People turn to violence and crime because it brings results, it pays off. One of the



CRIME WITHOUT PUNISHMENT

Post-Six Day War affluence, a hard-pressed police force and unenforceable tax laws are some of the reasons violence has gone up as crime detection goes down, writes ARTHUR KEMELMAN. Lester Millman photographed two of the shady sides of Israel life: (above) the black market on Rehov Lilienblum and (below) the turf of the strong-arm "rampists" at the Tel Aviv wholesale market.

the administered territories for smuggling hashish and heroin in by boat or by Beduin, from Lebanon and Egypt, occasionally from Jordan.

AT THE BOTTOM OF the social scale are those controlling prostitution, closely followed by the extortionists. Prostitution, according to the Tel Aviv lawyer, is controlled mainly by Ashkenazim. Within the Greater Tel Aviv area — Bat Yam, Holon, Petah Tikva, Netanya — there are about 1,500 girls in massage-parlour or call-girl set-ups. These girls are managed by 200 men who are responsible to five bosses.

Extortion, controlled by Jews of Oriental origin, of which we have heard so much lately from Knesset Members Moshe Shahal and Ehud Olmert, is rampant in the open markets. According to Shahal, an Israeli Mafia has taken over a good part of the distribution chain of agricultural produce and is reaping millions of pounds a month in illegal payments. In Tel Aviv's Carmel Market, for example, Shahal claims that about 11.1m. a month are paid in protection fees. At a recent press conference in Haifa, he cited an instance where the "rampists" — the strong-arm men who muscle in between the truckers delivering the produce and the wholesalers — cornered the market in tomatoes and drove up the price of a 15-kilo crate from 11.05 to 11.75, earning about 11.0,000 in a few hours.

Dr. Amir estimates the number of "full-time" criminals at about 3,000. Of these, 1,500 are directly

about how not to pay income tax or are willing to "rig" contracts, organized crime can move in to provide a twofold solution to the black money. On the one hand, it can supply goods; on the other, it can provide the tax evader with a means of using his black money to finance illicit but very profitable operations.

The affluence following the 1967 war did not sweep everyone along with it, and a considerable segment of the population was left on the fringes looking hungrily on. From this group the criminal class was able to recruit new members who also formed the seedbed of the protection rackets. The stall owners in the markets, many of whom were on welfare, evaded paying their taxes to that they, too, could share in the good life. When the extortionist came along, it was more profitable to pay him than to go to the police and risk an examination of one's business turnover.

UNENFORCEABLE TAX LAWS provided the impetus for organized crime. Similarly, the weakness of the Government and its control agencies is a key factor in the increase of violence that is plaguing Israel. Dr. Yona Cohen, of the Bar Ilan Criminology Department, argues that since the Yom Kippur War, a feeling has arisen that life in Israel is not as protected as in the past. The individual who could formerly rely on a paternalistic government ensuring that his needs were more or less met, now finds himself with a new sense of insecurity. This disillusion has led to an increased tendency by in-

main deterrents to crime, according to criminologists, is the detection rate. Since 1960, the detection rate in Israel has been dropping steadily. Then it stood at 56 per cent. In 1965 it dropped to 47.3 per cent and five years later it was down to 38.5 per cent. In 1974 it stood at 33.2 per cent.

And even the number of persons actually caught by the police is no indication of how many have to pay for their crime. In 1974, about one third of all crimes were solved (58,700 out of 162,000). Only 10,500, however, resulted in convictions. That is to say, only six out of every 100 criminal acts were punished. The chances at succeeding in legitimate business are probably not as good.

As the Inspector-General of Police, Rav Nitzav Shaul Rosolio, has pointed out, many of those who are punished pay very lightly. At a recent press conference he said that it was virtually impossible to attend a cinema because of hooliganism. Yet when the police did charge one offender, he received a one-pound fine.

An important element in controlling crime and violence is certainty of punishment and certainty that the police will act. Neither of these exists at present.

POLICE MINISTER HILLEL told the Knesset last week that the police are powerless to handle extortion in the markets since victims fail to come forward. At his press conference, Inspector-General Rosolio said pretty much the same thing. Asked whether people might not be afraid to come forward because they did

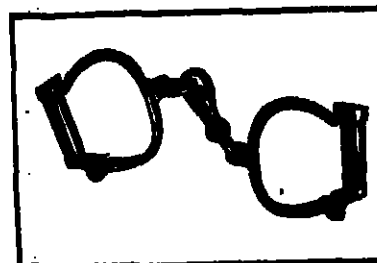


not believe the police could protect them, he said he thought it was rather that we are part of a Western tradition where squealing and informing are frowned upon.

Yet, when some residents in a Ramat Gan building complained to the police about a neighbour who had threatened them, they were greeted with a shrug of the shoulders and told to move somewhere else. One of the complainants now carries a pistol with him. Nurses at Beit Levinstein complained repeatedly to the police about soldier-patients terrorizing them. Only when they staged a sit-down strike was action taken. In Mevasseret Yerushalayim, despite the presence of policemen in the village, the Issacson family was forced to move out, afraid for their lives.

A police official in the Tel Aviv force admitted that there was some neglect of complaints, but this was a question of priorities and manpower. Rav Nitzav Rosolio subsequently explained to newsmen that the 10,000-member force needs an additional 1,500 men. One of the burdens on the understaffed force is the necessity of dealing with security matters such as bomb scares, which take up to 30-40 per cent of a policeman's time.

In discussing Mevasseret Yerushalayim, which he and Mr. Yossi Sarid, MK, visited, Mr. Olmert told *The Jerusalem Post*: "True, the police are understaffed and have to deal with security matters. And it is equally true that they acted after official



complaints had been made. But the police could have taken the initiative at an earlier stage and prevented the terror from developing. The police don't wait for a formal complaint before cracking down on prostitution in Tel Aviv. Likewise, both in Mevasseret and in the markets they could have initiated action. It's a question of the police rearranging their priorities."

According to Prof. Shlomo Shoham, the Tel Aviv University criminologist, acquiescence is one of the factors leading to an increase in violence. When the police or any other control authority — be it a Jewish Agency official, a social worker, a clerk in the housing ministry — gives in when someone shouts or threatens or actually commits violence, then violence has been legitimized as a means of obtaining something. A chain reaction is set up and more individuals try the method. A pattern is established: violence, like crime, is soon learnt, says.

Talking about organized crime, Prof. Shoham sounds a warning: "We are five minutes before 12:00. The symbiotic relationship between the criminal class and the authorities that exists in America has not yet developed here, but we are on the verge of transition to this relationship. Evidence has come to light recently of some police corruption, but even putting this aside, it is sufficient if the control agencies are passive."

With some modification, his remarks apply equally to the spread of violence.

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Moshe Nisselevich distributing Matza Shmura to newcomers from the USSR. (Right) Yehoshua Raskin uses games to teach boys, mostly from Bukhara, brought to a Rishon Lezion yeshiva.



Hama night-Hanukkah-candle campaign at the Carmel market. (Below) Bukharan immigrant girls placed by Hama in Jerusalem's Weingarten Home.



RUSSIA'S SECRET JEWS

Much publicity is rightly given to the Jewish activists in the Soviet Union who risk so much to get to Israel. Very little known about those other Jews in the USSR who run equally grave risks to keep their religion alive. SARAH HONIG has been talking to some of the few who have reached this country and are seeking to impart their deep Jewish values to other

THIS IS NOT a story of medieval Spain where Jewish traditions had to be observed clandestinely. It is the story of Jews who experienced similar fears and dangers merely to be able to remain Orthodox in the strictest halachic sense. It is really only a tiny fraction of the story, for much of it cannot yet be told.

What makes it bizarre and almost incredible is that it takes place in the last quarter of the 20th century. Its setting is not the Iberian Peninsula, but the Soviet Union. The intolerance is not that of the Catholic Church, but of atheistic Communism. The persecution is carried out not by the Inquisition, but by the dreaded K.G.B.

The protagonists are the kind of observant Jews who most of us have long assumed no longer exist outside the distant Asian republics of the U.S.S.R. It comes as a surprise to learn that there are still some in the European republics. True, there are not many of them, and their actual numbers cannot in any case be ascertained, because, like their predecessors in Spain, they must outwardly pretend to be what they are not, and follow their convictions in the strictest secrecy. It certainly takes uncommon courage — some may even say a special brand of madness or fanaticism — to lead their kind of life.

Only a few have made it to Israel. Moshe Nisselevich, city-bred in the Ukraine and now a resident of Kiryat Malachi, is one. Today he heads a group called

Hama (*Havurat Mesakesi Harabim*), dedicated to bringing traditional Judaism to immigrants from the U.S.S.R. who, because of cultural, religious and educational restrictions, have become estranged from it. Despite his four years in Israel, he is still very much afraid to talk about his existence in the Soviet Union, lest he give away some of the tricks and methods that enabled him to beat the system there, and may still help others to do so.

The red-bearded Habad hassid clearly belongs to a basically different school of thought from that of the Zionist activists of the last few years, who decided to come out and struggle vocally and in the open, to defy the Soviet restrictions and defeat them by publicizing them. Nisselevich and his like, perhaps as Jews did for hundreds of years, that their main object should be to keep the tradition alive in any way possible, rather than battling for recognition of their right to live according to their beliefs.

But even the little he does cautiously divulge gives a pretty clear indication of what it is like to try to lead a fully religious Jewish life in the Soviet Union today.

NISSELEVICH FOUGHT his most tenacious struggle against the Soviet school system. He was determined that his three boys should get a Jewish education and not be indoctrinated with Communism. Since the former was not legally available, and the latter could not be avoided, he simply did not send his sons to school.

Except that it was far from simple. Each autumn, come enrollment time, the family went through hell, hoping against hope that their new excuses for the boys' absence from classes would work. Nisselevich does not want to go into details.

"The fact that we got away with it for years (the boys were 15, 13 and 12 when they came to Israel) is due partly to the bureaucratic muddle of the authorities, but far more to *nissim* (miracles)," he says with conviction.

"We kept the children at home and taught them ourselves. We told the neighbors that they had gone to stay with relatives in another city and were at school. There they would sit and study Gemara at home, and if there was a knock on the door, they would grab the book, and dash to hide under the bed."

There was a double danger in what he was doing. If discovered, not only would he be punished, but the Soviets would without hesitation take the children away from him and deprive him of "parental rights." It is not illegal in the U.S.S.R. merely to read religious texts, but to teach such material is an offence which can lead to prosecution on a charge of spreading anti-Soviet propaganda.

"But besides that, the way we were bringing up the boys meant an awful gamble with their future, because we could not be sure that we would succeed in getting to Israel. If they were going to be observant Jews, we were closing all avenues of further study and

career opportunities to them," he explains gravely.

DESPITE HIS FIFTY, Nisselevich even had to keep away from the synagogue.

"It was always crawling with K.G.B. agents and if you showed up there regularly, they would certainly keep you under close watch. So we set up our own small *minyanim* and gathered in different homes each time. We would carry the Tora scroll in a suitcase from place to place. The first time my eldest son went into a synagogue was just before we left for Israel. He begged me to let him at least see what it looked like from the inside."

There were other problems, such as how to avoid working on the Sabbath. He and some friends set up a cooperative of sign painters.

"There would be official inspections to see how we were getting on with our work, and these were inevitably scheduled on Saturday. So we put on a great show for the inspectors, rushing around and looking busy. But actually we did nothing."

For the covertly ultra-Orthodox, many incidental facets of daily life can present complicated problems. Someone like Nisselevich, for example, would not shake a woman's hand. But how in the course of everyday contacts at work can you explain your refusal or excuse your ostensible lack of politeness without giving your beliefs away? A rabbi told Nisselevich that in the circumstances it would be no

transgression. "But I still do it," he beams, rather boastful child.

UNLIKE NISSELEVICH, Raskin, 28-year-old Yehoshua, who came here in 1968 from his native Gorki, Moscow, did go to school. But he explains Raskin, also a Hama activist at Kiryat Malachi, that he presented him with a different set of problems. "The least of which was having to sit bare-headed in the classroom. Outside, I wore some sort of hat which was not particularly Jewish. My real tribulations came on Saturday. Instead of greeting Sabbath with joy, I looked forward to it with dread."

"Sometimes I wouldn't go to school at all, pretending I was sick. Or I would show up with a bandaged hand so that I wouldn't be excused from writing. These were teachers who understood all that but many didn't. The worst agent of all was the high holy seasons. As Rosh Hashana approached, some teachers would snicker at me, 'Ah, soon you'll be sick for a whole month.'"

"My Bar Mitzva was a real underground operation. There were about 50,000 Jews in Gorki, but I had to be very careful about the ten men we chose for a *minyan*. My parents were afraid that something would get out about the ceremony and they might be persecuted. They might be accused of having an anti-social influence on me. But one of the most selected must have been me, because a few days later the K.G.B. were going around making

inquiries. Nobody else, though, would provide any corroboration."

As a child, was he never tempted to rebel against his parents? Didn't he resent the hardships they imposed on him, especially in the light of the atheism preached at school? "No, I think the very hardships strengthened our resolve. The real question is why people must be forced to endure so much hardship just to live and believe as they choose. But we were ready to suffer. We were a hard core of religious Jews who withstood the regime's pressure for a number of generations. It wasn't a matter of finding our way back to Judaism; we stubbornly just never left it."

A boy starts his struggle when he's eight days old. Unless there is a recognized congregation where you live, a *brit mila* is illegal, and most people are afraid to have it performed. Even if they can find a mohel, they're putting themselves in danger, because a doctor may report on a child he finds circumcised, or a schoolmate may blab about it."

By the time he's three, says Raskin, a child of his background must have developed a real underground mentality. "He must distinguish between the few 'we' and the many 'they' and must learn that there are things he must tell no one, lest there be terrible consequences. The child is raised to fight. He knows his environment is against him. There are no compromises. He fights or he is one of the 'them.'"

The "fighting over everything" included costly efforts to get kosher meat, to get a *matza shmura* for Passah or to build a secret *mikva*.

"We would go out of town and spend a whole day just to buy a live chicken. Then came an agonizing bus journey, because every passenger knew that anyone with a live chicken must be a Jew, so they laughed at us. Then another day had to be wasted looking for a *shohet*."

"For Passah, we would find a Jew in a village somewhere who could get us wheat for matzah. Then we would have it milled by hand at an old pre-revolutionary mill. By the time we'd had it cooked by hand it cost more than the best cake but the satisfaction convinced us that it also tasted better than the best cake."

NISSELEVICH, RASKIN and others of the secret religious Jews of Russia decided to continue their struggle for Judaism in Israel — though of course in a different fashion. Now it was to be by overt action through Hama, many of whom, but by no means all, are Habad hassidim.

"What we all have in common," explains Raskin "is the deep pain we feel when we look at what is happening to Soviet immigrants here. Many just come from the big Russia into a little Russia that is a housing development somewhere full of Russian-speaking immigrants like themselves. Some people came here to live in a Jewish country, but found no Jewish content in dai-

ly life. We visited one housing estate and an immigrant embraced us and said: 'I have been here for six months, and this is the first time I feel that Jews have come to see me.'

"Others did not know what they were looking for in Israel — only that they somehow wanted to be better Jews. They weren't given any religious or cultural background and they became so immersed in getting absorbed, in looking out for material things, that they forgot why they came. It's a source of discontent. To give those still left in the Soviet Union a fighting spirit, we must see that those who have come here are happy and find life meaningful. That is what we are trying to do."

To most Soviet immigrants, Hama is known through the half-page ads it publishes each Friday in the Russian press here. They include an analysis of the Portion of the Week and other essays on Jewish topics. Hama also offers correspondence classes in Judaism, and has established a Judaism library in Tel Aviv, with branches in immigrant neighbourhoods.

BUT PERHAPS HAMA'S most ambitious project is care for the future of children of large families who come from the Asian Soviet republics.

"Families from Bukhara and Georgia are large," says Raskin, "and most of the parents have no profession. Things are hard at the beginning and children can go wrong, as happened in many North African families. At first we went to the families to help educate the kids; now they come to us. We put many children in religious institutions until the families manage to settle down."

"We persuaded some Kfar Habad families to take in Bukharan boys and now there are so many of them that they've set up a yeshiva for Bukharan immigrants there. We found a nearly empty yeshiva in Rishon Lezion and have already sent 180 boys there. Altogether, we've already found board and education for some 2,000 immigrant children and we're planning a large home for more in Kiryat Malachi."

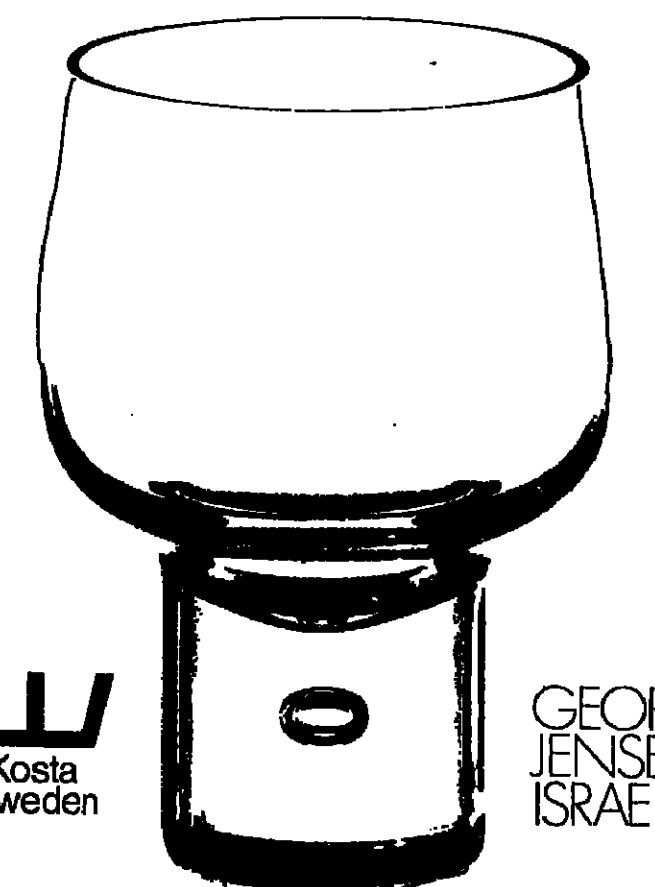
Children from families who find it easier to get absorbed into Israeli society are also not neglected. Hama activists contact regular public schools at which there are a lot of children from Russia. If a school agrees — and many do — afternoon classes in Judaism are set up.

"All the pupils are invited," says Raskin, "and we have quite a few sabras, too. Through the children we get to the parents. One immigrant mother came to me to learn how to light the Shabbat candles. Then the father came. He wanted to learn how to make *kiddush*. We have some 1,800 children in these after-school classes and we also have evening classes for adults."

Even the average Israeli may not be a total stranger to Hama. Its members sometimes put loudspeakers on private vans and go around the towns calling on the population to light Shabbat or Hanukkah candles.

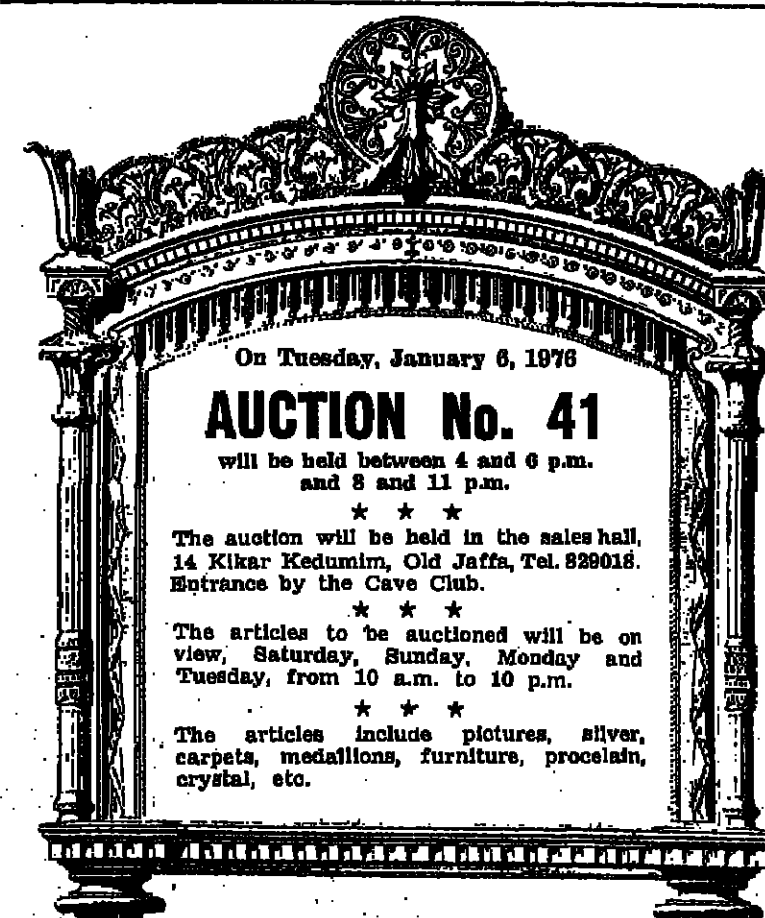
"Our message varies," says Moshe Nisselevich, "but we are always enthusiastically received. A policeman once tried to get us to move from the entrance to the Carmel Market in Tel Aviv because we were blocking the traffic. There was a huge crowd around our van, and they wouldn't let us be moved out. They called on us to continue speaking, and shouted, 'Kol Hakevod.' Who said sabras don't like a little Yiddishkeit?"

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THE PEOPLE OF CANADA are spending a not unbegrudged billion dollars for the privilege of staging next July's 21st Olympiad in Montreal. They are also in the process of mounting one of the most elaborate security operations in the country's peacetime history. The Munich massacre has cast a long and stubborn shadow.

The grumbling over expenditure has to do with the rising cost of executing the ambitious blueprints of French architect Roger Taillibert. Spurred by inflation, estimates are now more than double the original figures, and look even more grotesque today in the light of the economic slowdown. Nor has the image of the Olympic Games Organizing Committee known as COJO, its French acronym — benefited from the recent revelation that Taillibert stands to clear \$90m. or more under a contract which remunerates him on a percentage basis.

As for the security arrangements, the enlistment of some 13,000 army, police and other personnel can be compared only to the measures taken in the "October crisis" five years ago. Then, the country was alerted to combat a band of ultra-nationalist terrorists, ostensibly dedicated to "liberating Quebec." Today, the Government is matching its 1970 effort in order to protect an event the world once regarded as a quadrennial carnival of friendly competition and a symbol of international understanding. This however, has not deterred COJO from earmarking more than \$100m. to assure the safety of national contingents, VIPs, institutions and the estimated 80,000 people who will daily attend the 17-day sportsfest.

WITHIN MONTHS of Munich, COJO, with the cooperation of the Canadian authorities, organized an Olympic Games Chief Committee on Public Safety. Its 12 members comprise almost every branch of the police and defence establishment in the adjoining provinces of Quebec and Ontario, which provide the 20-odd sites for the Games. Its chief coordinator, Director Guy Toupin, assistant director of Montreal's metropolitan police, received me in his office in Montreal's (unvalued) old city.

The tall, swarthy Toupin recalled that one of his first steps as chief coordinator, was to fly to Germany for consultations with Munich's police chief, Manfred Schreiber. That was in September, 1973, almost on the anniversary of the previous year's outrage.

"Schreiber made us aware of many dangers," he said. What those were, he could not reveal; but it has long been clear even to the layman that the main shortcomings in Munich were the lack of security plans in the Olympic Village, where the athletes were lodged, the absence of a contingency plan for defeating a terrorist strike and the failure to react adequately to the known presence of Arab extremists in Bavaria.

The Public Safety Committee has set up no less than 13 subcommittees, each to study a particular facet of the complex security problem. Apart from metropolitan and provincial police officers, the committee itself comprises representatives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (Canada's federal force), the coast guard and the Department of National Defence.

Toupin's normally dark face



Chief Coordinator Guy Toupin of the Olympic Public Safety Committee.

GUARDING THE 1976 MONTREAL OLYMPICS

The shadow of Munich hangs heavy over the Olympic competition due to be held in Canada in July. GEORGE LEONOF reports on the effort to introduce security measures that will be both discreet and effective.

breaks into a rare smile when I suggest that it sounds like a body appointed to deal with a national emergency.

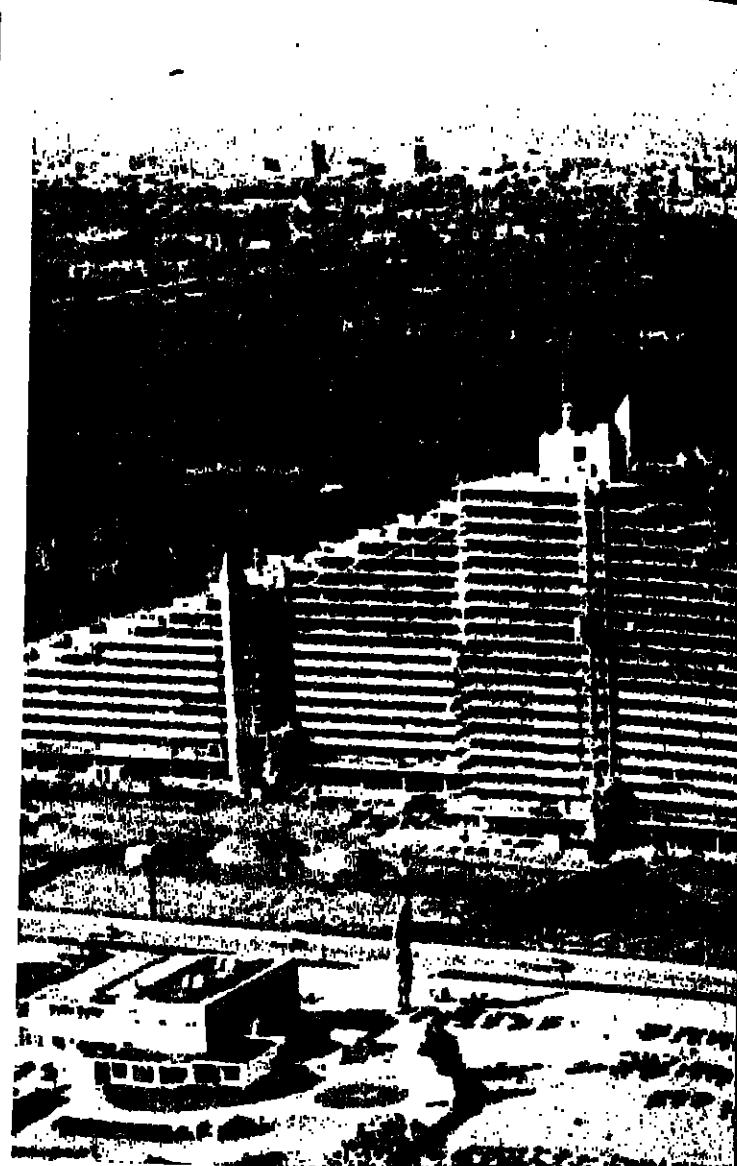
"Well, it is the biggest international event in Canada's history," he replies. "You could compare it with Expo '87, but that was restricted to a single area and spread over seven months. The Games are compressed into at most a month — taking them from the first arrivals to the last departures — and some events are held as far as 875 km. from the Olympic Village" (soccer in Toronto).

"We face a considerable problem," he said. "We must assure the safety of more than 9,000 athletes and officials from 130 countries, and some national contingents must be regarded as par-

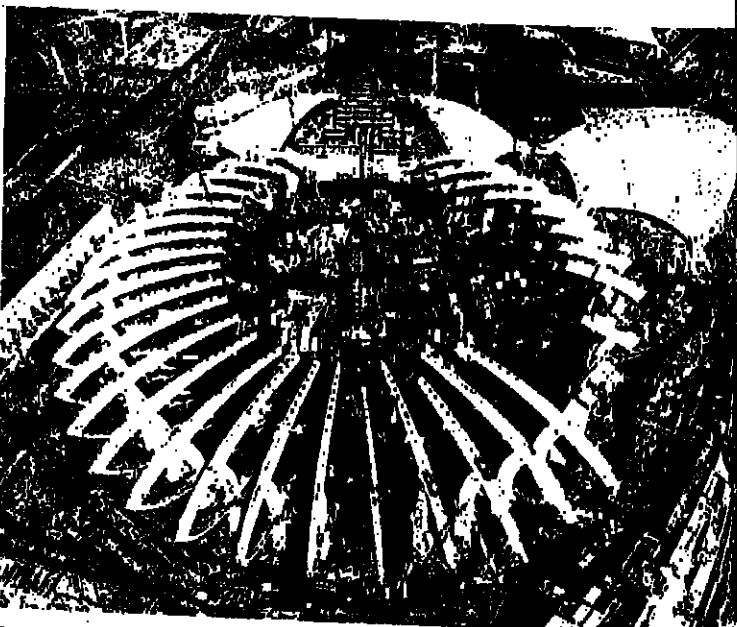
ticularly vulnerable: Israel is one, but by no means the only one." He indicated that the situations in Ireland, Cyprus and Bangladesh place the contingents involved in a similar category.

ALL CONTINGENTS, stressed the chief coordinator, will be given complete protection during all official events and functions, and in transit to and from them. They will have to practise discretion while they are on their own, however, since security personnel, already organized into three shifts, cannot remain glued to each participant round the clock.

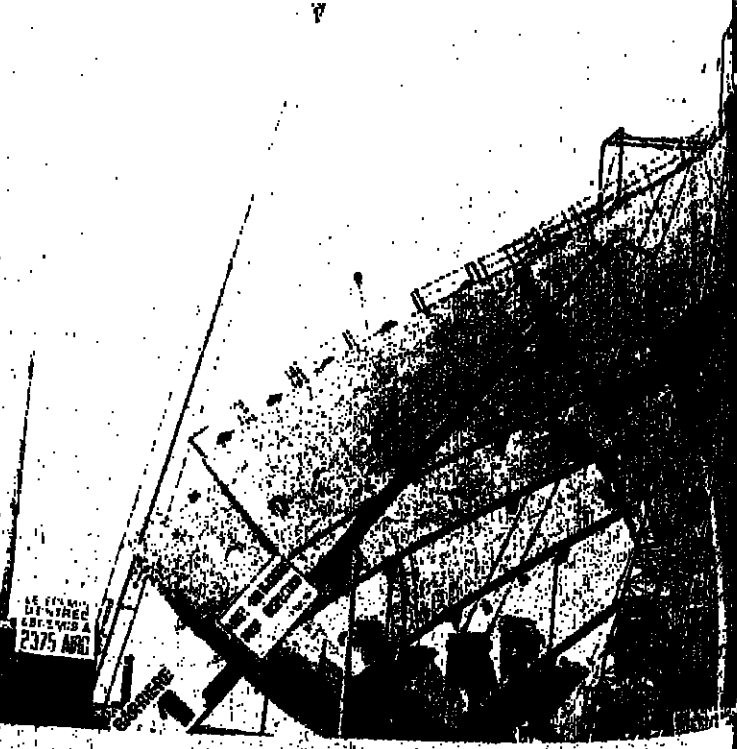
Where the "vulnerable" contingents come in for special treatment will be mainly at the Olympic Village, he pointed out.



Overlapping triangular structures of the Olympic Village form the shape of a star.



Sports area is covered by mobile roof suspended from tower.



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ALL MY SONS (Cameri) Arthur Miller's play written during WWII about unscrupulous war profiteers (Not yet reviewed) Tel Aviv (Cameri) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS (Cameri) Shakespeare's comedy is full of puns, word plays, topical allusions by translator-adaptor Roger Taillibert. Spurred by inflation, estimates are now more than double the original figures, and look even more grotesque today in the light of the economic slowdown. Nor has the image of the Olympic Games Organizing Committee known as COJO, its French acronym — benefited from the recent revelation that Taillibert stands to clear \$90m. or more under a contract which remunerates him on a percentage basis.

GOVERNOR OF JERICHO (Cameri) a play about Jewish-Arab relations by Joseph M. Dy, Directed by David Muchtar, with Ishak Rabinovitch, Pinhas Sadeh read their poems. Tel Aviv (Habimah) Tues., Wed., Thurs.

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against the religious establishment in Germany, in brilliantly funny modern dress by director Omri Nizan. Fun all the way. Tel Aviv (Small Hall), Jerusalem, Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

LIVE LIKE PIGS (Cameri) Tragi-comedy by John Arden, director: David Bergman, with Albert Cohen, Edna Fiedel, Mital Bat-Adam, Yossi Graber, Yehuda Fuchs. Tel Aviv (Cameri) Tues., Wed., Thurs.

MOYSESSON GOUSAGE Brecht's modern classic about venality of society and the horrors of war in a generally good production by David Levine with Lia Koenig as the indomitable Mother Courage. Tel Aviv, (Habimah, Large Hall) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues.

POETRY MIDNIGHT — Poets Dalia Reiskis, Joseph Carmon, Shlomo Vlahinsky, Aviva Ger, Shimon Bar. Tel Aviv (Travta) Sat. 8:30, Haifa (Bolim) Mon. 8:30.

THE TRIANGLE (Habimah) A new version of the much performed Shalom Aleichem farce-comedy. Tel Aviv (Habimah, Large Hall) Wed.

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CINEMA



Richard Burton and Sophia Loren in Carlo Ponti's remake of an old classic, "Brief Encounter."

APPASSIONATA — Inconclusive tale of complicated family relationships which are intensified by the intrusion of a Lolita-like friend of the schoolgirl daughter. Directed by Gian Luigi Calderone (his first feature film) and well acted by Gabriele Ferrelli, Valentina Cortese, Ornella Muti and Eleonora Giorgi.

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY — A black-and-white, documentary-like treatment of America's controversial comic Lenox Brown, that is neither informative nor entertaining. Stars Dustin Hoffman.

BEYOND THE DOOR — Another demonic possession film that attempts to combine "Rosemary's Baby" with "The Exorcist" and entraps poor Juliet Mills and Richard Johnson for this purpose. Piffle and not chilling.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER — Based on Noel Coward's play "Billie Lynn," the film explores the relationship between two lovers, both of whom are married (though not to each other), and depicts the feelings of loneliness and isolation that result.

CARAVAN TO YACONIA — A young American engaged to marry a mysterious Hungarian to New York. However the most interesting thing about the adventure is the landscape of Provence and the Camargue where all the nifty going on takes place.

LE CHAT ET LA SOURIS — Gossy detective yarn with Michele Morgan (absent from the screen for about 8 years) as the mouse pursued by Serge Reggiani as the cat who suspects her of murdering her rich, philandering husband. Superficial but entertaining. Directed by Claude Lelouch ("La Bonne Annee," "Le Voyou").

CONFESSIONS OF A WINDOW CLEANER — Broad and breezy British sex-comedy about an amorous young window cleaner who spends more time climbing into beds with his clients, than climbing up ladders. Crude at times but mildly amusing.

DAISY MILLER — Peter Bogdanovich produced and directed this screen adaptation of Henry James' celebrated 1878 short story of a rich American girl's amorous adventures in Europe, with Cybill Shepherd in the title role. Stylish and visually attractive, but otherwise disappointing.

DIEBTS INNOCENTS — Claude Chabrol's latest suspense film shows everyone and everything to be other than expected. Some interesting characterizations. With Rod Taylor, Romy Schneider, Jean Rochefort, English dialogue.

HENNESSY — Tense, realistic thriller with an explosive ending about a distraught undertaker's attempt to blow up the British Queen and the House of Parliament. First-rate acting particularly from Rod Taylor as Hennessy and Richard Johnson as Inspector Hollis of Scotland Yard.

THE NIGHT PORTER — Shocking film of erotic relationship between a former S.S. officer (Dirk Bogardó) and a woman (Charlotte Rampling) who had been his sex slave in a concentration camp 14 years prior to events recounted. Bogardó's performance is outstanding. Directed by Liliana Cavani.

OLUCKY MAN — The latest film of Lindsay Anderson is a gloriously funny and at times horrifying satire on contemporary life. Malcolm McDowell gives a superb performance as a young man who wants above all to be successful. The film also includes Ralph Richardson, Rachel Roberts and Helen Mirren. Alan Price's music and songs are first-rate. Should not be missed.

THE PASSIONATE — Antonioni's latest film of a man's quest for a new identity is partly a study in alienation and partly a suspense story with Jack Nicholson as the man and Maria Schneider as his appealing travelling companion. Slow, obscure but fascinating and visually rich.

REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER — Well-made crime thriller about police operations in New York, with the central characters an idealistic young detective (Michael Moriarty) and the beautiful undercover narcotics agent (Susan Blakesley). Plenty of suspense and a powerful climax, but drags a little in the middle. Directed by Milton Kates.

THE ROMANTIC ENGLISHMAN — Intriguing psychological drama based with humor. Directed by Joseph Losey with his usual flair and featuring immaculate performances by Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine and Helmut Berger. The film is based on the novel by Thomas Wierman, who himself wrote the "subtle and urbane screenplay" together with Tom Stoppard. Slightly pretentious, but recommended.

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE — Ingmar Bergman's remarkable study of an intimate relationship with a magical performance by Liv Ullmann and fine acting by Erland Josephson as her husband. Three hours viewing that keeps the viewer's attention riveted throughout.

THE WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN — An off-beat comedy, based on the writings and drawings of the late American humorist James Thurber. Witty and original and with sparkling performances from Jack Lemmon (as the Thurber-type hero), Barbara Harris and Jason Robards.

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LIGHT MUSIC

PADOM, PADOM, PADOM, Songs of Edith Piaf. Tel Aviv (Travta), Sat. 11:00, Mon., Tues. 9:00.

LAHAAT TANUS Tel Aviv (Travta) — Tues. 9:00.

FOLK JAMBOREE, With Danny Sabach — Flamenco guitarist. Bruce and Rachel Brin — Guitar, violin, bario, vocal. Dorit Jaffe — Guitar, Dalcimier, vocal. Jerusalem (Travta), Sat. 9:00.

DANCE

BAT SHEVA DANCE COMPANY: Monodrama (Miri Sharon). The Green (Gert Jossi). The Burning Ground (Gert Jossi). From Mabel: Song of the Earth. Yagur — Mon.

RECORDS

ROSSINI: Quatre Quatuors — most entertaining and enjoyable pieces d'occasion (No. 2 originally written for flute, violin, horn & bassoon, the others — Nos. 1, 4, 5 — arranged for the same instruments), most brilliantly performed by Jean-Pierre Rampal, Jacques Lancelotti, Gilbert Beaurain, Paul Hongne (Lancelotti, Gilbert Beaurain, Paul Hongne 8064). Full of wit, vivacity and unflagging melodic invention, these lightly conceived quartets are pearls in their own genre.

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Gala performance: T.A.: 5/1
Halle: 8/1
ALEXANDRA
Israel State Prize 1961
Israeli Opera by
MENACHEM AVIDON
Produced by EDU DE-FILIPPE
Libretto: ABRAHAM ASHLAN
Conductor: GEORGE SINGER

SHOW BOAT by Kern
Musical in English
T.A. 12/1 6/1

T.A. 8/1 The Barber of Seville

T.A. 10/ 13/1 Alexandra

T.A., 8/1 GALA EVENINGS



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Who says? They have the best steaks in Israel and the best Hamburgers in the world. Well apart from Cyril and Ruth — 98½% of the customers do!!!
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life for yourselves, and essential
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Louis Claude Daquin
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John Stanley
William Walond
Wilhelm Friedemann Bach
Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach
Johann Sebastian Bach

TEL AVIV,
Monday, Jan. 5, 1976, 8.30 p.m.
Robin Music Academy, Tel Aviv
University, Ramat Aviv.

TEL AVIV,

**Tzavta Club, 30 Rehov Ben Gvirol
Tel Aviv.**

TICKETS at the entrance.

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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Tel Aviv Cinema

Commencing Saturday, January 3, 1976

ALLENBY Tel. 57820
3rd week
W.W. and the Dixie Dance Kings
Burt Reynolds
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN YERUDA Tel. 222759
4th week
NIGHT MOVES
Gene Hackman
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN Tel. 282288
3rd week
ISRAEL PREMIERE
CLINT EASTWOOD
THE EIGER SANCTION
Adults only
4.30, 7.00, 9.30

CINEMA ONE
Israel Premiere
"THE TEACHER"
Angel Popenoe
JAY NORD
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO
THE FORTUNE
Warren Beatty
JACK NICHOLSON
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays, 10, 12, 2, 4.30
7.15, 9.30

CINERAMA

2nd week
ISRAEL PREMIERE
In Hitchcock Tradition
The Police Look On Helplessly
7.15, 9.30
In Colour. Adults Only

DEKEL Tel. 454114/5
2nd week
Sheila Levine Is Dead And Living In New York
Jenny Holzman
ROY SCHNEIDER
7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN CINEMA

TEL. 477177

At 5.00 —
The Adventures of the Incredible Mr. Limpet

At 7.15 — action
CHARLES BRONSON
TELLY SAVALAS
(Rajak)
JILL IRELAND
Violent City

At 9.30 — 2nd week
RITA TUSHINGHAM
OLIVER REED
THE TRAP
A love and adventure that matched the fury of the unfamed regions of Canada

Jerusalem Cinema

Commencing Saturday, January 3, 1976

ARNON Tel. 224829
3rd week
DUSTIN HOFFMAN
VALERIE FERRINE
LENNY
4, 7, 9 Saturday at 7, 9

CHEN Tel. 222955
Alain Delon
Jean Louis Trintignant
FLIC STORY
4, 7, 9 Sat. at 7, 9

EDEN Tel. 223839
REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER
4, 7, 9 Sat. 1, 2

EDISON Tel. 224056
HARDAR GUGHAN
ARZU UKAI
GURBETOILER
4, 7, 9 Sat. 7, 9
In Colour

HABIRAH Tel. 232968
JEMMY WANG
GEORGE LAZENBY
THE MAN FROM HONG KONG
4, 7, 9 Sat. at 7, 9

JERUSALEM
RICHARD DREYFUS
Duddy Kravitz
7, 9.15

RAMAT AVIV
The Confessions Of A Window Cleaner
Adults Only
Sat. and all week, 7.15, 9.30
Fri. 10, midnight
Tuesday 4
SEMI-TRIO

ROYAL Tel. 55851
TARZOON "THE GREAT LOVER"
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO Tel. 295817
2nd week
DAVID HEMMINGS
DEEP RED
Adults Only
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TBL AVIV Tel. 281181
UGO TOGNASE
ORNELLA MUTI
starring in
ROMANZA POPOLARE
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Adults Only

TOHELET Tel. 443950
ROYAL FLASH
OLIVER REED
ALLAN DAVES
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MITCHELL
WOODY ALLEN
DIANE KEATON
Love and Death
7, 9

ORGIL Tel. 234176
3rd week
OLANDA JACKSON
THE ROMANTIC Englishwoman
4, 7, 9.15 Sat. at 7, 9.15

ORION Tel. 222914
PETER FONDA
WARREN OATES
RACE WITH THE DEVIL
Adults only

ORNA Tel. 224783
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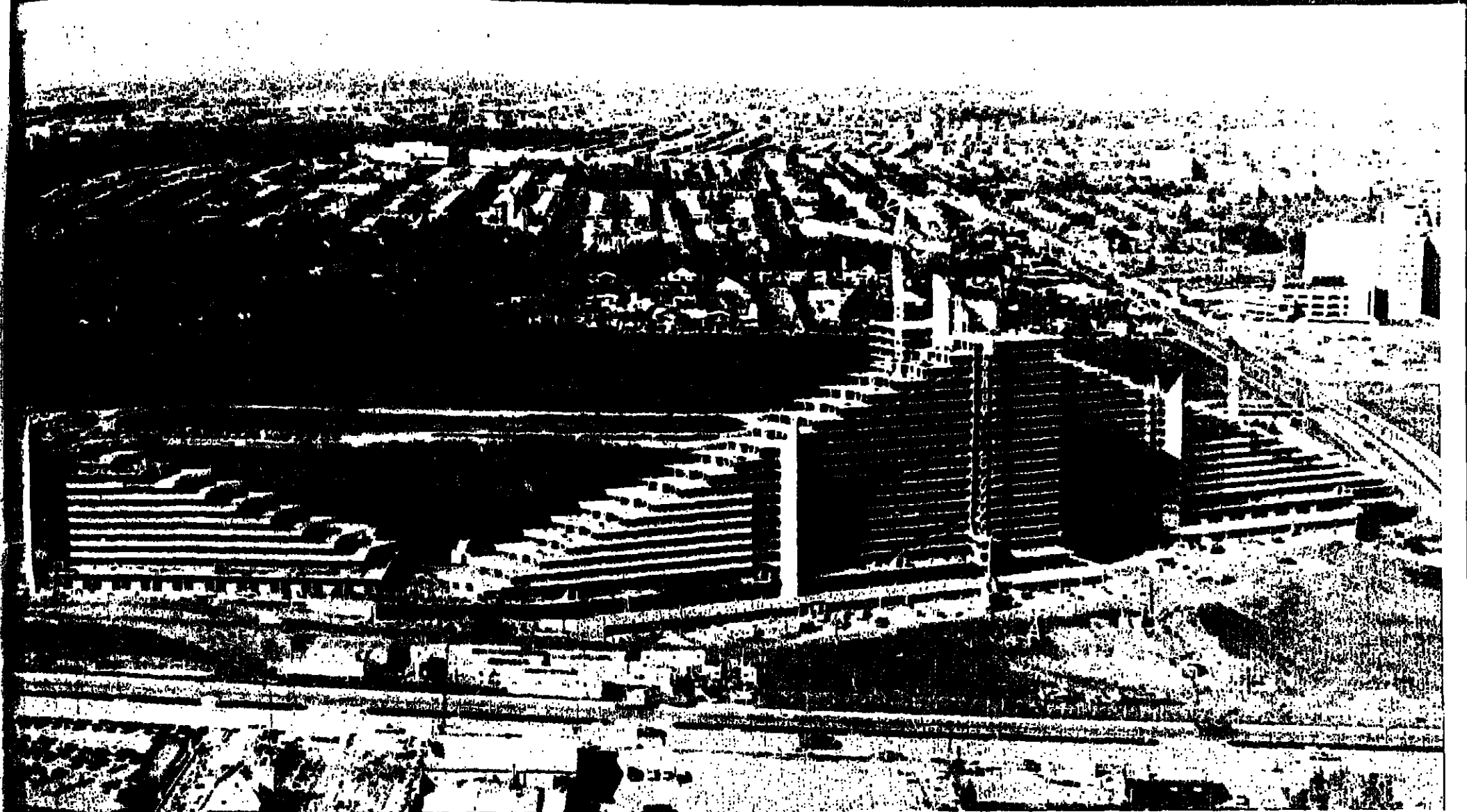
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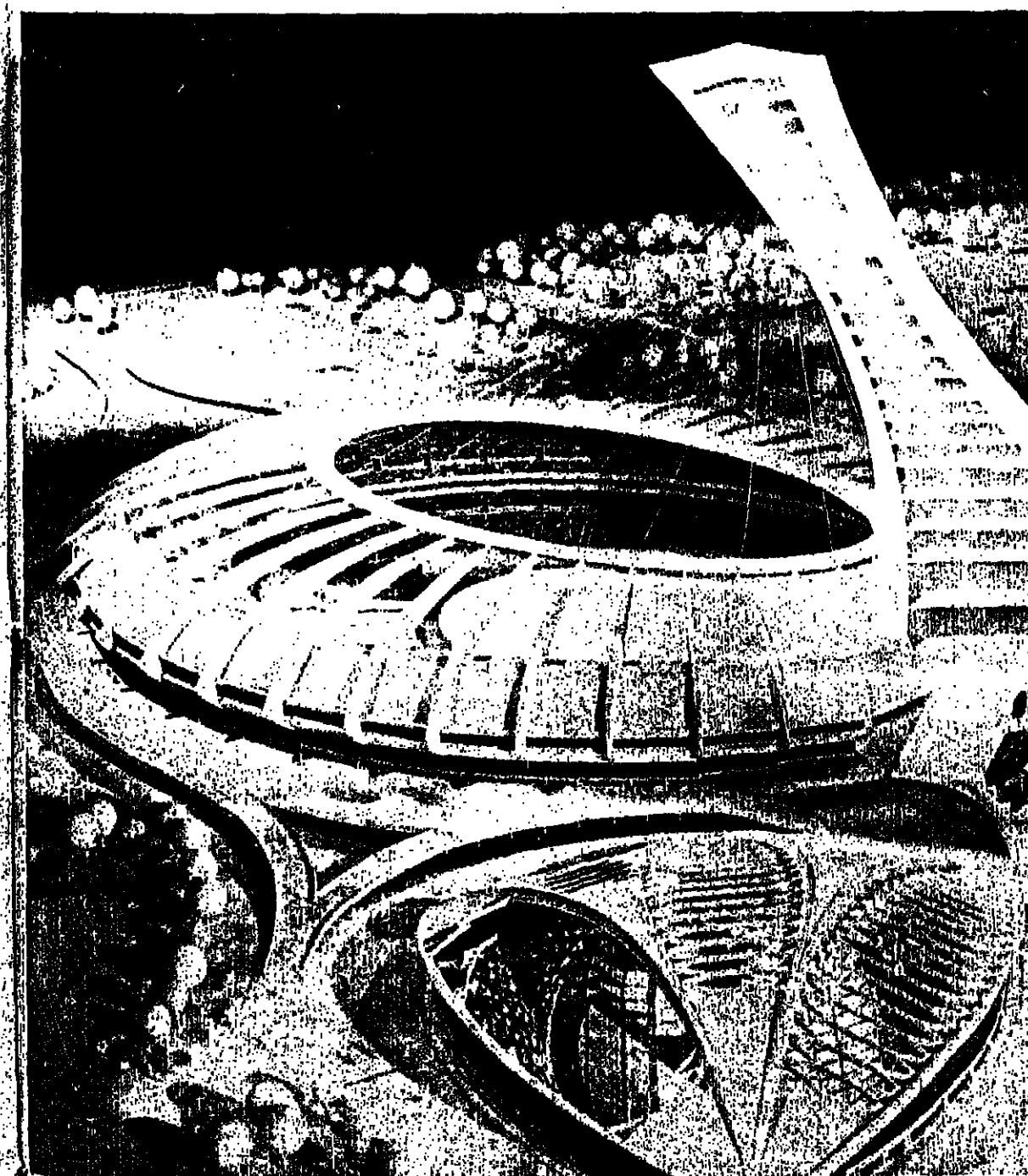
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which will house more than 8,000 athletes and officials during the Montreal Games.



Distance will be maintained between potentially hostile delegations, and they will be guarded "as discreetly as is possible and commensurate with full effectiveness."

"There is not the slightest intention to isolate any delegation," Toupin hastened to assure me. The reference was to the Asian Games, in Teheran, where Israeli and other delegations complained of a barbed-wire security system reminiscent of a concentration camp. "It is simply that, in my opinion, our village will be easier to protect."

The village, set in a huge green recreational area adjoining the main stadium complex, consists of two pairs of narrow, right-angled triangles, their perpendiculars overlapping to form two pyramids, 17 storeys high at the apex. It was conceived as a self-sufficient city divided into two distinct zones: one a strictly residents-only area, the other a semi-private space where residents can meet visitors, including the press. An original design has partitioned the pyramids into 3,812 living quarters divided into large, medium and small, apartments, and single rooms — enough to put up 9,250 people, hopefully, a module for every contingent.

Within this complex, there is covered access to training areas, restaurants, discotheques, library, 21 television rooms, banks, and a full range of boutiques from shoemakers and barbers to art studios and florists. A few minutes' walk from the village, the Maisonneuve Hospital has been set aside for the Games. A subway will link the village to the Olympic Park.

DURING THE GAMES, no private vehicles will be permitted anywhere near the Olympic complex, and parking lots will be situated at a minimum distance of more than a mile. The Metro is being extended to transport spectators straight from the centre of town to the various events.

I ask Toupin which are regarded as the particularly tough security problems. He ticks them off on his fingers: "The marathon walk — 40 km. through city streets; the arrival of Queen Elizabeth to open the Games on July 17; the probable arrival of a still unknown number of other heads of state and VIPs."

Any one of these alone would call for special security. Next summer they will all be superimposed on an unprecedented programme of protection for the 130 national contingents, extraordinary precautions at land, sea and air points of entry, foreign consulates, major business institutions, etc.

"We are not alone, of course," the chief coordinator pointed out. His committee maintains constant contact with the police and other security agencies of many countries, including Israel, and these are "extremely helpful."

"Ultimately, however, it is Canada which has assumed full responsibility for the 21st Olympiad," he emphasized, "and not a single national contingent will be permitted to bring its own security personnel."

All leave will be cancelled during the Games in the 5,000-strong Montreal Urban Community Police, as the metropolitan force is known, and all personnel will be on duty all the time. This will be strange for Canadians, who normally maintain one of the lowest security profiles in the world. "That is why one of our 13 sub-committees is engaged exclusively in preparing an information campaign," Toupin disclosed. The gist of the campaign is to appeal for cooperation and urge the citizen "not to take offence if you are searched — you may look like some suspect."

THE DIARY OF ADAM'S FATHER by Aryeh Klionicky (Klonymus). Translated from Hebrew into English by Avner Tomashoff. Beit Lohamei Haghettoth/Ghetto Fighters House and Hakibbutz Hameuchad Publishing House, 132 pp.

A MILLION JEWS TO SAVE: Check to the Final Solution by Andre Biss. Translated from the German into English by Hutchinson and Co., London, Hutchinson, 260 pp. £3.95.

WITNESS TO THE TRUTH by Nathan Shapnell. N.Y., David McKay, 388 pp. \$8.95.

Lotte Lopian

HOW DOES one assess "Holocaust literature?" How does one evaluate the relative worth of writings by those returned from a reality so monstrously different from ours that a new language would have to be created to convey it to our comprehension. Yet it is of the utmost importance to bring to public attention all that is written by, and in the name of, survivors.

The three books under review show once again the identity of shared fate and, at the same time, the utter difference of each individual experience. There are as many accounts as there are survivors. One underlying theme, however, links all books about the Holocaust and emerges clearly and terrifyingly from each and every line: the calculated sadistic and fiendish refinement of cruelty and torture practised by the Germans and their mostly very willing helpers to degrade and dehumanise their victims before finally destroying them.

"The Diary of Adam's Father" consists of notes pencilled in Hebrew between July 5 and 22, 1943. Aryeh and Malvina were trying to evade the German bloodhounds by hiding among the tall wheat of the fields around Buczacz, Galicia. After escaping the general round-up and the failure of other hideouts, these fields were meant to be a temporary solution until they could find a more suitable refuge. Blackmailed by informers, robbed of their last zlotys and clothes, suffering the burning heat of day, freezing by night in drenching rain, and starving they finally gave themselves up — knowing what fate awaited them. Their trembling hope and prayer was for the survival of their baby son Adam, born in 1941, whom they had given to a peasant couple, with sufficient money and clothes to have him taken care of. Aryeh describes their suffering matter-of-factly, which makes all the more heart-rending reading.

The notes came to light when the Pole wrote to Aryeh's eldest brother in the U.S., giving his version of what had happened, emphasizing his own generosity, not mentioning any payment received, and assuring the brother of the boy's wellbeing "in an institution in the East."

The second part of the book consists of letters exchanged between the Pole and Aryeh's family in the U.S. and Israel, of efforts of the Joint Distribution Committee in Warsaw to gain access to Adam, and letters between the JDC's Warsaw and New York offices and the family on ways of recovering the child. The Pole's references to Adam grow increasingly vague, and his demands for recompense increasingly insistent, until, in 1962, he refuses any further

Telling the Holocaust



After the selection at Birkenau, Hungarian Jewish women and children are led to their deaths.

"help" and mentions that "Taras" is ashamed of having relatives in Israel and does not want any contact with any of them. One more victim added to the millions. Death in infancy or conversion to Christianity?

The final section contains some family snapshots and descriptions

of the piety and standing of Aryeh's parents, grandparents and family.

"A MILLION JEWS to Save" is yet another account of the "Trucks for Jews" deal in Hungary between Himmler, Eichmann and "World Jewry"

via Hungarian Jewish representatives given special status by the German occupiers of Hungary and furnished with exit visas and special travel facilities to Turkey and then to Switzerland. It makes very uncomfortable reading. The author was a member of the Budapest Judenrat and one of the

main negotiators with the Gestapo. One is left with the impression that any easing of conditions was due to him and a few like-minded aides, and any failure was the fault of those who opposed him or even thought differently from him. The book is full of petulance and pettiness. He accuses most of his colleagues of sabotaging his efforts. He mentions some of the most notorious exterminators — their Gestapo ranks split out in full, time and again — as reluctant participants in the slaughter and as dealing helpfully and honestly with him.

Never once does the desperate urgency, the hopeless misery and the agony of the Jewish masses intrude upon the almost leisurely description by Biss of his clever dealings with the Germans. True, he had his dangerous moments — arrests and various meetings when his Gestapo "friends" were in a fury. It is also true that on August 18, 1944 more than 300 Jews arrived in Switzerland from Bergen-Belsen and on December 18 another 1,388 from the camp — released by the Germans as part of the deal. But to this day there is controversy about who should or should not have been included in these transports and the chicanery and nepotism practised at the time.

Biss' worst ire is aroused by his cousin Joel Brandt, one of the main characters in this affair before he was interned by the British. In order to cross-check Biss, I re-read Alex Weissberg's "Story of Joel Brandt." Needless to say, a totally different picture emerges. On balance Brandt certainly does not deserve Biss' scorn and contempt. It is interesting that Brandt himself mentions Biss very few times, in passing.

THE GREATER PART of "Witness to the Truth" concerns the author's experience as a "displaced person" in a small Upper-Franconian town (in Germany) untouched by the war, and his dealings with his German "hosts" and their American conquerors. He also describes the Americans' incredible attitude to the pitiful remnant of European Jewry as "undisciplined DPs," and his gradual success in bringing them around to a more fitting



Joel Brandt: a controversial role.

approach to the DP's problems and to the DP's themselves as individuals.

The first half of the book shows an unusually mature and wise 17-year-old trying, and at first succeeding, to keep his family together by ingenious dealings with the Germans who were his

immediate masters. He learned to evaluate situations and, whenever possible, take advantage of them. Thus, he even managed with the help of some equally resourceful and brave friends to save some children and grown-ups right from under the Gestapo's nose.

However, eventually he and the remainder of his family were deported and separated. In Birkenau he survived by miraculous help from fellow prisoners, barracks bosses and doctors. While in the "hospital," a place fatal to most of the sick there, he passed three selections by Mengele who, for some reason, was interested in Nathan's high temperature and, contrary to his usual practice, allowed him to stay on.

After the war, after tasting liberated life under the Russians, he and a small group fled to the U.S. Occupation Zone in Germany. But even here there seemed no refuge for the victims of the Germans. On the contrary, the occupation authorities were anxious to be on good terms with their conquered foes, who, so they claimed, had themselves been innocent dupes of Hitler and knew nothing of atrocities — which, if committed at all, had been committed singlehandedly by him.

How Shapnell arranged for his group to find a haven to rest and recover, then gradually to win over the American authorities and even some Germans to his plan to create a refuge for the real victims of the Germans makes wonderful reading. He succeeded in creating a harmonious and well-administered community of survivors, who dispersed and emigrated to various parts of the world.

In 1961 he himself finally immigrated to the U.S.

OPEN THE GATES! by Ehud Avriel. Atheneum, New York, 369 pp. \$10.

Philip Gillon

NOW THAT ZIONISM has once again become a fighting word, and not a synonym for a catchbag of clichés in the luggage of decaying orators, the revelations of Ehud Avriel about the work of the Mossad — the agency organizing "illegal" immigration from Europe from 1938 onwards — should be required reading for all friends of Israel and Jewry. For our enemies and critics, too, for that matter, if they want to understand why we are so stiff-necked. To this day our policies are shaped, not by a Massada complex or a desire to play blind Samson pulling down the pillars, but by a Holocaust neurosis, a determination that never again will Jews cooperate in their own destruction.

In her preface to Avriel's book, Golda Meir refers to the conference on refugee problems at Evian-les-Bains in 1938, which obviously had a traumatic effect on her. It was when she realized how little would result from this conference, called with much ballyhoo by President Roosevelt as an answer to mounting criticism of government indifference to the fate of the Jews in Germany, that she decided, "If I am not for myself, who will be for me?"

Avriel deals with this pleasant gathering at the luxurious French spa in greater detail. Thirty-three states answered Roosevelt's trumpet-like summons to discuss "a bold plan of action" — but the Jews were specifically excluded, lest they ask for immigration to

Palestine, and thereby embarrass the British. The 33 countries agreed about one thing: few of them were prepared to accept more than a token increase in Jewish immigration, and none of them was prepared to quarrel with Great Britain about the Jewish right to Palestine.

The inference was: Hitler could do what he liked to the Jews. The conference passed a silent resolution condemning the Jews of Europe to death. Hitler got the message — so did the Jews.

The first to respond, Avriel reveals, were the Revisionists, who began to operate illegal transports in defiance of Ben-Gurion and Jewish Agency discipline. They may well argue that this contempt for discipline was an example of being for themselves, in Mrs. Meir's terms. It is a policy still being applied in this country, as, for example, in Sebastia. The policy certainly pays off at times: on the other hand, the cost of lack of unity and discipline among Jews in general and Israelis in particular has on the whole been vast and terrifying. Avriel's book makes clear that divisions and faction fighting went on even in the most perilous circumstances.

THE MOSSAD came into existence just as Ehud Avriel was about to leave Vienna (where he had been born), after the Anschluss. He was a member of an idealistic Zionist family, and had always intended to go to the Jewish homeland. Austrian anti-Semitism did not come as much of a shock to him as it did to most of the 220,000 Jews of Austria, who pointed out that the so-called "rape of Austria" by Hitler — used by Kreselsky and his ilk to justify current incidents — the Hagana had

Our man in Europe



The "illegal" blockade runner, "San Dimitrio," with a 45 degree list is escorted into Haifa.

instructed Jews to get military training in foreign armies, so Ehud tried to get into the Austrian Army. He was thrown out.

Then began several hazardous years for him in Vienna, Istanbul

and other European capitals, as a representative of the Mossad, trying to get Jewish emigrants and little ships to carry them down the Danube or out of Turkish ports.

The vicious determination of the

British to stop the rescue is almost beyond credibility: they went to any length to keep the gates of Europe closed so that Jews could not get out, let alone refusing to open the doors of Palestine to provide a haven for them.

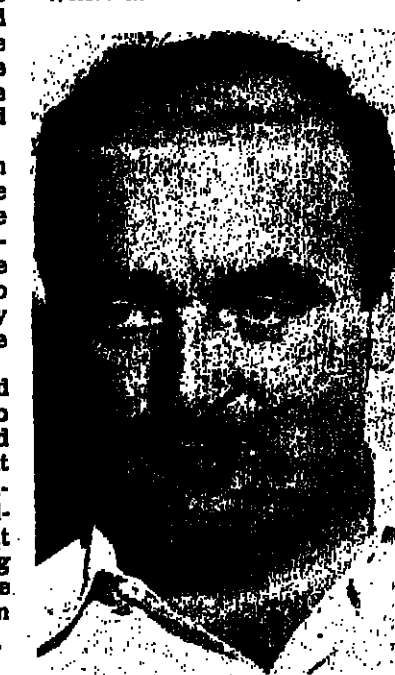
Years later, when Ehud Avriel was Israel's Ambassador to Prague, Harold Gibson, the First Secretary in the British Embassy, who had been chief of British Intelligence in neutral Turkey during World War II, went out of his way to see Ehud, and to tell him that they had never believed the Mossad's reports about the Holocaust. Since the end of the war, he had seen for himself the extent of the tragedy, and had come to apologize.

The standard of British Intelligence in Istanbul during the War was not very high, if we are to judge by the success of Germany's Operation Cleuro; but one would have expected Gibson to have known what was certainly common knowledge in the American and British cabinets.

Churchill helped the Jews, and arranged for a letter to be sent to Istanbul, urging that steps should no longer be taken to prevent Jews getting out of German-occupied Europe — but the anti-Semites managed to prevent knowledge of the letter being widely circulated through the British echelons, so its effect on policy was marginal.

When the war ended, and the Mossad's ingenious efforts to save as many Jews as possible. The record of how they got ships and men to sail them, how they obtained visas and passports and trains, how they managed to sneak through the British blockade, reads at times like a James Bond thriller. There is another James Bond aspect: one notes that Mossad always worked from the most famous hotels, never from disreputable attics.

When the war ended, and the



Mossad representative Ehud Avriel.

EHUD DISCLOSES how the Mossad, used Nazis, who cooperated out of greed, or because of their uneasy consciences about what the Fuehrer was doing, or because they thought Jewish emigration was a better solution than destroying

Labour Government came to power in Britain, it seemed to the exultant Jews for a few seconds that times would change. But Attlee and Bevin proved to be worse than their predecessors.

Ben-Gurion realized that war was inevitable, and the Mossad added the acquisition of arms to the ingathering of exiles. Some of the arms deals — such as the great purchase in Czechoslovakia, changed the tides of battle and human destiny.

When World War II was over, one member of the Mossad said bitterly "Most of the Jews have died. And most of the anti-Semites are alive." This grim cynicism proved to be tragically true — even to this day, anti-Semitism thrives in high places.

The main lesson from Avriel's book is that we should not be too upset by being out of step with the world. What emerges clearly is that diplomats are concerned with short-term expedients rather than long-term goals, and that human beings are as expendable in diplomacy as soldiers are in battle. It is no wonder that nothing is done to help the helpless in Lebanon, Vietnam, Angola, Uganda, et al. If immediate policies do not include quarrelling with racist murderers. This is something we must never forget when we consider our reactions to diplomatic attitudes and public opinion.

This does not mean that we must inevitably be right if we are out of step with the entire world, or that we should treat world opinion with contempt. But it does make a difference that we have a long-term objective — the survival of a people and a state — while the others have a short-term one: maintenance of peace at any price, and avoidance of an oil boycott. This admirably written book will drive many such lessons home to anyone interested in Israel, Jews, or the devious and ironic twists of history.

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Remarkable man

FROM THE DIARIES OF FELIX FRANKFURTER. With a Biographical Essay and Notes by Joseph P. Lash. N.Y., W.W. Norton. 366 pp. \$12.50.

Abraham S. Hyman

FELIX FRANKFURTER was given 80 years of life and, combining brilliance with a passion to succeed, made full use of them. For the major part of his adult life he was a dominant figure on the American scene — as government lawyer, crusader on behalf of unpopular causes, law professor, confidant and adviser of presidents and presidential aspirants, mainstay of the New Deal, and member of the U.S. Supreme Court.

One therefore had every right to expect much of Frankfurter's diary. Actually, the chief merit of this book lies in Joseph Lash's biographical essay.

The diary entries are mere fragments of the diary Frankfurter kept after 1911, the year he left his post as Assistant U.S. Attorney for New York under Henry Stimson and joined the staff of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, and represent what survived destruction and withdrawals by Frankfurter himself and thefts from the Library of Congress. Conceivably, what survives is not representative of the complete diary. But the fact is that what remains — entries for all of 1911 and 1948, and parts of 1946, 1947 and 1948 — does little to illuminate Frankfurter's outlook on the major issues of the times. Most of the entries are notes of meetings with people in the news, recording principally the subjects discussed but relatively little of the content, and notes on the tensions and conflicts with the Supreme Court.

CERTAIN LACUNAE in the diary are, to say the least, puzzling. Thus, in 1948 we find nothing about the war or the plight of European Jewry, and in 1947 we find nothing about the November 29 UN partition decision — the diary skips from November 22 to December 9 — despite Frankfurter's close connection with the campaign for a Jewish state.

At no time does Frankfurter speak "to" his diary itself and bare his attitude towards life's problems. Lash's essay contains a number of surprises, such as Eleanor Roosevelt's anti-Semitic comment in reaction to Frankfurter's first visit at her home. But more to the point is the disclosure that Frankfurter recognized that he was limited intellectually as compared with men such as philosopher Morris Raphael Cohen, his roommate at Harvard. The diary entries, almost barren of philosophical content, would indicate that Frankfurter had a realistic estimate of his weakness.

The diary portion is, nevertheless, valuable for Frankfurter's assessment of some of the people he encounters. He has a low estimate of Robert Taft as a leader; Franklin Roosevelt has fine impulses but shies away from economic problems; Churchill is an effective war leader but has no clear vision of what the post-war world should be; Herbert Lehman is "unimaginative, timid and conventional-minded"; Judge

Julian Mack is a man "through British Minister of State for the Middle East, is innocent of any knowledge of Eretz Yisrael and of Jewish history. Frankfurter has high praise for Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis Brandeis, Isaiah Berlin, Chaim Weizmann, Morris Raphael Cohen, and Henry L. Stimson. Frankfurter's bitter invectives against Hugo Black and William Douglas, his colleagues on the Supreme Court, reveal the darker side of Frankfurter.

REGARDING matters of world importance, the diary contains hints of the tenuous nature of the alliance with Russia during World War II. It is a pity that a man at the centre of power was so sparing in discussing issues of equal importance.

It is in Lash's essay that Frankfurter comes into focus.

Lash calls his biographical essay "A Brahmin of the Law." This is an apt description of Frankfurter both as teacher and judge. As a professor of Law at Harvard, Frankfurter had patience only for brilliant students. Then he nurtured and fed as clerks to Justice Brandeis and as the "Frankfurter boys" to the New Deal. On the bench he expected his colleagues to be his disciples and to acknowledge his legal scholarship and was annoyed that they did not defer to his learning. Frankfurter obviously had an exaggerated need to be admired.

His overall performance on the bench earned him the posthumous accolade from leading American legal scholars as being one of the eleven "great" justices of a total of 86. Lash's own assessment of Frankfurter, shared by many liberals, is that Frankfurter was not one of the "giants" of the Court.

When Frankfurter ascended to the bench Arohibald MacLeish predicted that he would be a "fervent defender of the Bill of Rights against legislative erosion." Actually, as the essay documents, Frankfurter did not live up to this prophecy. Paradoxically, Justice Black, who in his youth had been a

Great alcoholics

CLOSING TIMES, by Dan Davin. Oxford Press, England. 181 pp. £4.85.

Michael Tannenbaum

SEVEN FAMOUS writers, all of whom were close friends — Dylan Thomas, Louis MacNeice, E. E. Cummings, Joyce Kilmer, W. R. Inge, John Galsworthy, and W. B. Yeats — are brought to us in a sort of post-mortem get-together by Dan Davin.

The essays, written over a period of five years, vary widely in approach. Some tend towards prose-poetry — with an edge of affection, others are salted with words that this writer has never seen before (although they can be found present in obscure corners of unabridged dictionaries), and the remaining employ conventional, straight-ahead narrative.

One element that serves to unify the pages of the book is the liquor flowing between its lines. The



member of the Ku Klux Klan, assumed the leadership of the liberal wing of the Court while Frankfurter, with his record on behalf of Sacco-Vanzetti and Tom Mooney, was often found in the conservative camp. Conceivably, both tried to prove that they were not what pre-Court involvement suggested. Lash's own explanation for Frankfurter's conservatism is that as an immigrant whom experience passes without stopping"; and Richard Casey,

Jew — (born in Vienna in 1882, came to the U.S. at 13) — Frankfurter felt he had to act circumspectly.

AS IS WELL KNOWN, Frankfurter was an ardent Zionist. From the essay we learn that he learned his Zionism from Brandeis, who was a shaping influence in his life in many respects. In 1919 we find Frankfurter a member of the Zionist deputation at the Paris

Peace Conference, where the terms of the Palestine Mandate were to be fixed. He was selected for the role by Brandeis and Mack to "backstop dreamers like Weizmann." It was on this mission that Frankfurter received from Elmer Faisal, the Arabs' chief representative at the Conference, the now famous letter expressing Faisal's "deepest sympathy for the Zionist movement," viewing the Arab and Jewish national movements as complementary to each other, and wishing the Jews "a most hearty welcome home."

When Frankfurter joined the Supreme Court in 1939, he severed all formal connections with the Zionist movement. However, diary entries after that record visits by Weizmann, Moshe Shertok (later Sharett), Nahum Goldmann, and Rabbi Meir Berlin (Meir Bar-Ilan). These men undoubtedly had reason to be confident of Frankfurter's continuing sympathies and assumed that their views would reach the citadels of power, where the fate of the Jewish homeland would be decided.

The essay contains scattered references from which we may deduce the strength of Frankfurter's Jewish moorings. What emerges is that while Frankfurter was an avowed agnostic, a man who married out of his faith, and one who moved largely in non-Jewish circles, he nevertheless felt deeply about his Jewish roots. Nowhere does this come to the fore more sharply than in the concluding portion of the essay, where Lash speaks of Frankfurter's preoccupation with preparations for his own funeral.

Lash reveals that Frankfurter requested that Professor Louis Henkin, a former law clerk of his, be asked to speak "because he is my only close friend who is also a practicing Orthodox Jew... who knows Hebrew perfectly and will know what to say." Informed of this, when the time came, Prof. Henkin recited the Kaddish.

Lash, author of a prize-winning biography of Eleanor Roosevelt, has written a competent introduction to Frankfurter. Since there is still no adequate biography of Frankfurter, this book will have to do until a more comprehensive biography of this remarkable man is written.

writers were BBC men and academics who filled the Oxford pews. Even Itzik Manger made a good showing in this respect.

The other common element is the fact that they all died of disease. No insight or expansion of the topic death is offered, although it is a preoccupation of Mr. Davin. One wonders whether his subjects were chosen for their inherent worth or for the type of death they experienced. We hope that the evident identification Mr. Davin manifests bears little fruit, and we wish him the best of health.

Davin is an editor and a writer — a compromised writer, in his own mind — and also a good friend. Perhaps too good. Dylan Thomas uses his apartment, his shirts and his money without gratitude although he repays his debts in anecdotes and bawdy stories. He once stole Davin's favourite hat, and, after being caught, stole it again; upon being someone, in turn, had stolen it from him — and the matter was dropped. Thomas is depicted as a court-jester, misanthrope, born in an era when troubadours were not making much of a living, even if they were geniuses. In the end we are not given the slightest idea



An unfamiliar Itzik Manger

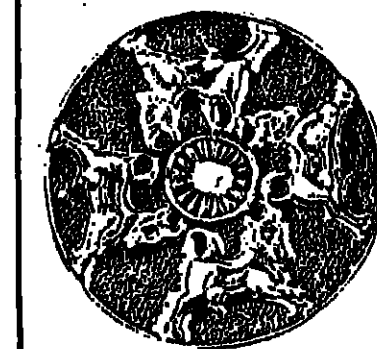
what led him to the spells of guilt, inspired drinking and squandering of money when it was his to be squandered.

Which leads us to the book's weaknesses: portraits that seem to fade from lack of detail, and

analysis, autobiography in which the author refuses to emerge, and a social setting — the intellectual environment of Soho — which prefers to remain in the background. Only in the first essay of Maclaren-Ross do these elements strike with impact, full colour.

In the first essay, Mr. Davin gives us a clear, sharp portrait of novelist Maclaren-Ross. Self-destructive drinker with gold tipped cane, this man without a centre switched from role to role, depending on the last movie he had seen, remaining arrogant to most of the world and an imposition upon his friends. The seventh and final essay, dealing with Itzik Manger, differs significantly enough from the others to set it apart. A profound self-consciousness and paternalism, of the type that some liberals experience when confronted by the underprivileged, has affected Davin's judgment and selectivity. The reader unfamiliar with Itzik Manger will witness a nervous, childlike man unable to fend for himself in the world, but will remain unconvinced, from the bits of dialogue and letters in Manger's broken English, that he was a genius, despite Davin's insistence that he was.

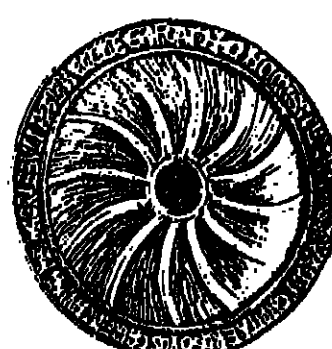
A mixed bag



Persian Quadruplet



Eretic Greek Gemstone



Crusader Inscription

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

THE NICEST THING about writing a marketing column is that you never know what you will encounter next. "Marketing," is such a conveniently broad term; it can cover just about anything. One of my topics this week is clearly commercial, but with an historical twist. The second subject is really educational, but it does involve something for sale.

Belt buckles with ancient Israeli themes make such an obvious export item that it is surprising no one thought of it sooner. Or perhaps someone did, but a local outfit has now got around to developing the line and has recently put it on the local market.

In the United States, it is not unusual to find belt buckles with replicas of the Liberty Bell, stagecoaches and the like — as often as not, made in Taiwan. In England, so I'm told, a team of brothers from Damascus has made a booming business out of novelty belt buckles — but not with Middle Eastern themes.

The idea of solid brass belt buckles depicting historical objects or inscriptions found in Eretz Yisrael was the brainchild of two men from very different backgrounds. One is a young sabra, sometime tourist guide and currently P.R. man, Shraga Hecht. The other is an American immigrant space scientist, Dr. Allan C. Entis. They call their

firm Buckler Ltd., and it works out of a Tel Aviv P.O.B. number, 89282. The largest of these belt buckles probably look best against a background of blue jeans — which is what Shraga Hecht was wearing when he came to call on me. The "Maccabean Coin," the "Seal of Megiddo," the "Double Crusader Seal" and the "Greek Flying Griffin," for instance, are executed on quite heavy chunks of metal. There are smaller and more delicate buckles too, including the particularly intricate "Persian Quadruplet" and a "Crusader Inscription." There is even an "Eretic Greek Gemstone" — which quite explicitly shows a couple coupling.

The only modern historical object copied onto a buckle is the Ramat Gan monument to Irgun martyr Dov Gruner; I asked if its inclusion reflected any particular political bent of the partnership, and was answered in the negative; it was chosen only for its apt slogan, "A Few Against Many."

So far, there are 17 different choices in belt-buckle motifs. There are also eight designs available on brass medallions to hang around the neck — including the eretic Greek design.

While the buckles and medallions are solid brass, they are available not only in their natural brass colour, but also in a nickel plate or burnished-copper plate finish. To my pleasant surprise, the majority of them do not look like kitsch gimmick items, but are tasteful replicas done with

excellent craftsmanship. They are made by a sand-cast method which, according to Buckler, is "the same process that was first used by ancient peoples to cast metals." Most of the raw materials are of local origin.

Prices for both buckles and medallions seem modestly low: they retail at around IL27 to IL34. The buckles can be affixed by any cobbler to an ordinary belt, man's or woman's. In addition, Buckler has developed a genuine cowhide belt of its own, onto which you can snap different buckles. The price of the snap-on belt varies between IL76 and IL85, depending on the shop. Each buckle comes with a printed card in English telling the historical background of its emblem. The name of the historical object is also stamped on the reverse side of the buckle or medallion itself.

I am only sorry that I did not know about Buckler buckles in time to recommend them as gifts for this year's Hanukka and Christmas seasons. The firm suggests them as gifts for Bar Mitzva, high-school graduation, army induction, and for relatives from abroad.

Buckler Ltd. has another buckling product on the way to the market. It is a newly-patented canvas belt-and-hook apparatus to help motorists, and especially taxi drivers, secure baggage loads to the luggage racks atop their vehicles. This inventor, Shraga Hecht, by the way, has another unusual invention to his credit — what he calls "waterless trees for the Negev." They are

tree-like sunshades, made of plastics and fibre-glass.

OVER A YEAR AGO, while doing a column on shopping in Ramat Hasharon I encountered a retired physicist, Prof. Joseph Aharoni, who was busy at the Royal Press Ltd. working on his labour of love. It has finally been published, and it is a unique textbook on learning Hebrew with the aid of five vowel symbols which he has devised to make the language clearer.

To someone who already knows how to read Hebrew, Prof. Aharoni's revised print looks at first glance like Cyrillic or Greek or Coptic. But he insists that, once one gets used to his five symbols — which replace the traditional nikood punctuation — Hebrew can be read purely phonetically, without a possibility of error. Prof. Aharoni would like to see everything printed in Hebrew with his revised alphabet — newspapers, schoolbooks, poetry, even the Bible, except in hand-written Tora scrolls.

Because the vowels are inserted between the consonants at the same level, as in Latin print, it would be easy to typewrite his vowelised Hebrew — something which is virtually impossible with the under-the-letter nikood. To conservatives like myself, Prof. Aharoni points out that the "traditional" Hebrew punctuation system is not at all that ancient — dating back a mere thousand years to the tenth-century Tiberias scholar, Ben-Asher.

Prof. Aharoni's book, which he published at his own expense, is written in English primarily as a textbook for English-speakers who wish to learn Hebrew. It is a 490-page paperback entitled "The Sound of Hebrew." Prof. Aharoni contends that a person learning Hebrew by his system would have no great difficulty going over later to Hebrew print as we know it in modern Israel, without vowels. But the book is also intended for Hebrew speakers as an explanation of the revised vowelised alphabet which Prof. Aharoni would like to see us all adopt, as an aid to greater precision in our pronunciation and spelling of modern Hebrew.

Without giving any personal opinion on Prof. Aharoni's theories about the Hebrew printed language, let me only point out that, for those who are interested, the book "The Sound of Hebrew" is available for IL40 at several bookshops in the Tel Aviv area. It can be found at Friedlander, 82 Rehov Nahalat Binyamin, Tel Aviv, and at two shops on Rehov Sokolov in Ramat Hasharon — "Pick-a-Book" and "En-den-dino."

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT of books-which-will-probably-never-make-the-book-review-pages, let me mention that there has been a new printing of Sybil Kaufman's "The Wonders of a Wonder Pot," on how to cook in Israel without an oven. This useful English paperback is available for IL25, plus IL1.80 for postage and handling, through P.O.B. 10263, Jerusalem. A second volume, called "Now I've Got an Oven," is due to be published shortly.

People who read Hebrew with ease may be interested to know that the first anthology of feminist literature in Hebrew translation has just come off the presses, and is going on sale at bookshops for IL19. It is also a labour of love, by the small but vocal Israeli Feminist Movement.

Martha Meisels

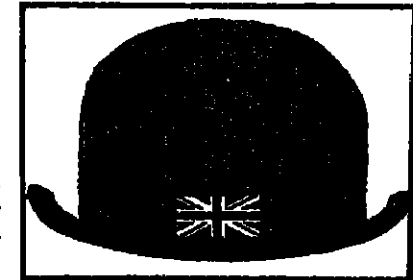
Haim Shapiro is taking a brief respite from his golf and puns. Ordinary Notes will resume shortly.

IT OCCURS TO ME

Hadassah Bat Haim

Playing the game

WHEN I WAS GROWING UP in England, it was a well-established reality that the British behaved in one way and everyone else behav-



ed differently. It was an even narrower concept according to the circles in which I moved, because the Scots, the Irish and the Welsh had been seen on occasion to overstep the bounds of what a bunch of English schoolgirls considered proper, whereas we, and those we admired, would never permit emotion, however strong, to overcome decorum.

Violent demonstrations on English playing fields, though they have not yet become deadly, indicate the Island Race are not as insulated as they once were and are, alas, in the process of becoming like other people. There was a time when the Channel symbolized very much more than a national frontier. On the other side of this strip of water, we knew, was a vast body of people called foreigners whose ways, though presumably suitable for them, were incomprehensible, slightly comic and totally alien.

We accepted that any one of our senior statesmen, tearing himself reluctantly from earth and home and ordinary folk, had to run the risk of being biased on both cheeks in public by his opposite number in that sinister place "abroad." This was proof, if we had needed it, that the cultural gap between us and those we thought of as "Europeans," was too wide ever to be bridged. In joy or sorrow, our ideal was a decent reticence at all times. A restrained kiss at railway stations was permitted, if not encouraged, from mothers; but male tugs going to boarding school shook hands formally with their fathers. Any warmer expression of affection was decidedly bad taste.

Sporting events were opportunities to let off steam. Rattles were twirled, scarves waved, exhortations came from the sidelines. As a manifestation of exultation, at winning an international match, 70,000 people at Wembley Stadium sang "Land of Hope and Glory." A more extravagant display would have been considered unseemly. The sight of two grown-up footballers, embracing each other, even after a hard-won goal, would have aroused the gravest misgivings. The only other normal way of unwinding was to get drunk on a Saturday night, and, finances permitting, at other times too.

Now that the British and we ourselves, among others, have joined the Common Market, demarcation lines are getting blurred. We are all taking on each other's characteristics. The synthesis of an uninhibited Englishman and a courteous sabra, should be, at the very least, interesting.

Pigs don't wash

JOHN ARDEN'S "Live Like Pigs," now at the Cameri, is a curiously pointless play. It presents a social problem without explicitly stating it, let alone indicating a solution. It is about a confrontation between two families, one respectable and dull, the other so thoroughly contemptible that there is hardly a conflict. It shows how the English welfare authorities err in one case while attempting to do good; but the case is so marginal, the people involved are such a minuscule, exceptional part of society that one wonders why anyone should have bothered to write a play about them, and even more why an Israeli theatre bothered to import it. To my way of thinking, a contemporary social-problem play — and "Live Like Pigs" in its marginal way is one — ought to be imported only if the problem has some relevance to our own society, which is not the case here. So what is the point?

The people who live like pigs are the Sawney "family," a pack of vagabonds, three generations of drunks, beggars, whores, thieves, with blood connections so tangled that it takes the better part of the first act to unravel them. There is old "Captain" Sawney, once a sailor and now a full-time drunk, who claims to be unable to work on account of a leg injury. He lives on the meagre earnings of his mistress, Rachel, an ageing whore with a big mouth. Both brag of their great days in the past, which for Sawney included earning — justifiably — the title "Killer."

THE TRIBE includes Sawney's daughter and her two children by a gypsy who spends most of his time in jail, and Rachel's son an apprentice thief. The gypsy turns up, seeking shelter from the police, who are after him for killing a prison warder. He is accom-

panied by his girlfriend, another whore and her deranged mother who looks like a heap of rags. This unappetizing band formerly lived in an abandoned trailer out in a garbage dump, pursuing there their freewheeling way of life until progress caught up with them too, and the welfare authorities in their all-embracing goodness, assigned them a semi-detached new house in a new building project at a nominal rent.

The Sawneys move in, kicking and screaming, resentful of the authorities' interference with their lives, hating the unaccustomed neatness, the baths, the toilet, the forced proximity of people leading orderly lives. And having moved in, they immediately proceed to turn the place into the kind of pigsty which suits their habits, and to disturb the lives of their neighbours.

The Jacksons who live next door, father, mother and teenaged daughter, are lower-middle class people for whom moving into the housing project is a major step up the social ladder. They are proud of their home, especially Mrs. Jackson, whose friendly overtures to the new neighbours meet with brutal rejection.

More brutalities follow, loud drunken quarrels in the middle of the night, filth spilling over the fence and into the Jacksons' lovingly tended patch of lawn. Worse still, the Sawneys' amorality begins to affect their neighbours' lives; father Jackson succumbs to Rachel's unwashed charms ("That'll be five pounds and I won't tell your wife"), and her son makes a half-successful attempt at seducing their daughter. In the end, the while neighbourhood gangs up to chase the unwanted strangers from their midst. Good riddance.

It would have been too



Mr. Jackson (Yehuda Fuchs) drunkenly succumbs to the charms of Rachel (Edna Fiedel) in "Live Like Pigs."

much to expect a creditable production of such a meaningless play. The Cameri's staging by David Bergman is not at all convincing. The acting does not make the Sawneys credible or colourful, or amusing.

Edna Fiedel as Rachel, playing what appears to be the role of her life, seems to be bent on creating a whore to end all whores. Resplen-

dent in a red wig and low-cut dress with flounces, she wiggles her hips, and shakes her bosom, and strikes poses, and keeps her voice at a constantly rising crescendo, hardly giving anyone a chance to be heard. Yossi Graber as Sawney is a standard drunk, and his big scene in which he recalls the great days when they called him "Killer" sounds hollow.

So do the histrionics of Nisim Zohar who plays the psychopathic gypsy. A touch of truth is provided by Mihal Bat-Adam in her near-silent role as Sawney's daughter, Rosie, her animal-like care for her children evoking genuine pathos. And Zaharira Harifal gives one of her tongue-in-cheek, droll performances as the primly respectable Mrs. Jackson.

FILM / Simson Carlebach

Goodies in store

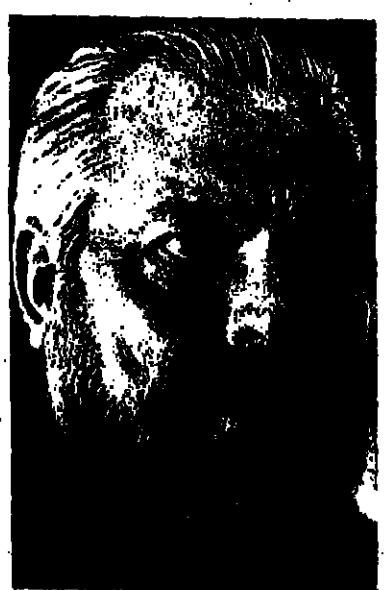
THIS COLUMN has on occasion found fault with the somewhat unimaginative policies of the three Cinematheques in our major cities, and has suggested that they ought to show some initiative in bringing to the screen those films which would not otherwise be shown here. Though the films they have presented have been, for the most part, very good films, the disproportionate reliance on oldies and semi-classics have resulted in a maddening resemblance to American late-night television. There is, after all, some limit to the number of sittings even the enthusiast can bestow on a film, no matter how good.

The January programme of the Jerusalem Cinematheque — shared for the most part by its Tel Aviv and Haifa counterparts — is a small step in the "giant leap forward" direction. There are some excellent American films from the '40s — many of which I'll have no trouble in sitting through again (Capra's "Arsenic

and Old Lace," for example) — and a series of Dick Lester's movies ("The Three Musketeers," "A Hard Day's Night"). Besides these, they will be screening a large sample of the International Young Forum Films from the Berlin Festival, 1975, imported in collaboration with the German Cultural Centre. And the final week in the month is taken up with a series of recent Mexican commercial films. Someone at the Cinematheque is doing his job.

THE DIRECTOR of the Jerusalem Cinematheque, Leah Van Leer, has just returned from a trip abroad collecting material for the coming year, and though the negotiations are not yet finalised, she was able to give me some notion of the programmes in store; apart from the predictable retrospectives of works by Fellini and Bergman.

From the British Film Institute, we will be receiving complete programmes of the works of



Aging prodigy Orson Welles.

Orson Welles and Joseph Losey ("The Romantic Englishwoman"), as well as a series called "Fifty Years of British Cinema."

There will be a week of Swiss films; a week of Belgian films; and an entire programme of Canadian feature films, presented by the director of the Canadian Archives, Sam Kula, in person. Canadian films have recently been making quite a stir on the in-

ternational market, with successful money-making features by hitherto unrecognized talent.

A LARGE PROPORTION of the films we will see here, naturally enough, from the United States. The New York Museum of Modern Art is depositing in the Israel Archives copies of many of the silent movies they have in stock. The American Film Institute will donate a couple of jazz films, plus "His People," a film of Jewish interest. There will also be a programme consisting entirely of films made by children; and a programme of American experimental films. Both are very much in vogue, nowadays.

MOVIES MADE BY WOMEN should also be interesting, though the rationale for grouping them together in one series is not so easily discernible as in the other cases. The Cinematheque's idea, still in the planning stage and by no means certain, is to invite the entire brood of female directors during the screenings and have them take part in a public symposium. They'll probably take the opportunity to pass a resolution condemning Zionism as a form of male chauvinism. Whatever happens, I'll be watching to see how Liliana Cavani ("The Night

Porter") faces the Israeli public. The symposium format will prevail also during the programme of films on the Arab-Israeli problem. Scores of these have recently been produced, for investigative, propaganda, and commercial purposes. Leah Van Leer was quick to point out that this will not be an advertisement for the Palestinians.

Returning to the first month in the new year, the Young Forum Films are from those the Berlin Festival's committee selected to be shown outside the official award competition. These are non-commercial (read: political in content and experimental in form) films by young directors, or from the "Third World" — films that don't normally show up at the local cinema-house. One of these, "Ramparts of Clay," is a popular success among radicals all over the world.

The Mexican films are another matter entirely. Mexico's is a young film industry, like Israel's; only it has been blessed for many years with the patronage of the exiled Spaniard, Luis Bunuel, one of the great directors. The Mexican film-makers combine a deep social concern with a popular form of entertainment, and their movies have been gaining accolades wherever they've been shown.

TEL AVIV SHOWS

Going nowhere

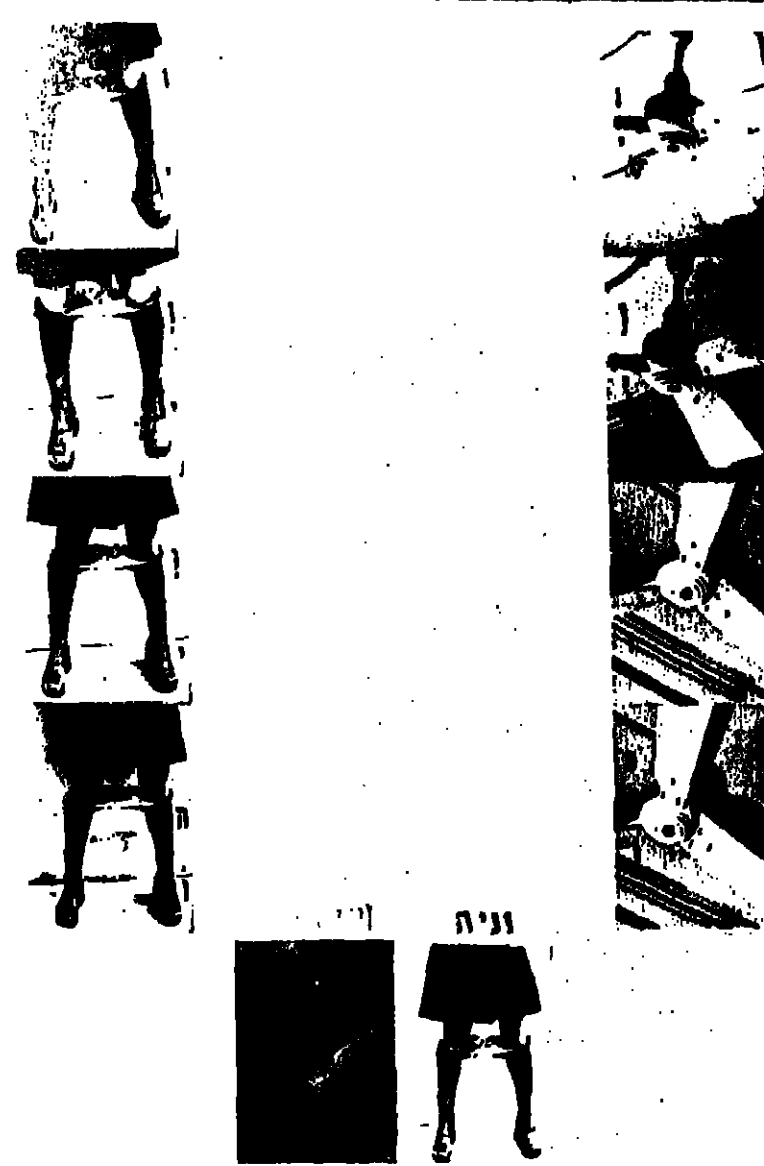
Gil Goldfine

FOR THE PAST three years, the Yodfat Gallery has been one of Tel Aviv's focal points for the showing of serious contemporary art by Israeli and international painters and sculptors. It is regrettable that at the conclusion of the current exhibition, they will be closing their doors. Although the Yodfat was often provocative, its consistency in maintaining standards and quality was impressive and deserves applause.

The final offering is a show of drawings and collages by Michal Neeman. And in a tragicomic way, one can almost draw a parallel between her creative effort and the apparent futility of Yodfat's commercial venture. She hangs pictures which are "unbeautiful" and expects the spectator to seek a logical rationale for their existence as art forms. Admittedly, her drawings are constructed with lines, shapes, forms and photographic images, but her attitude towards the end result is nihilistic and anti-art. We are asked to search for the appreciation of art via an arduous journey of intense reasoning, to find intellectual pleasure — or even disgust — in solving picture puzzles.

It may be considered conservative to assert that art, in order to be classified as art, should contain and project elements that are a source of pleasure or social enlightenment, or even agents of ecstasy or agony. Art should be catalytic, and help us to understand ourselves and our needs. It should also be magical, imbued with qualities that enable us to expand our horizons and fill the gaps left by our concentration on everyday survival.

NEEMAN ACCOMPLISHES very few of these noble objectives. Her art is an ego-centred mask produced to satiate an academic



Michal Neeman: photo-collage (Yodfat Gallery, Tel Aviv).

appetite. In specific cases she uses the written word in an attempt to probe relationships between ideas, symbols, literary content and artistic form. What happens, unfortunately, is that the word retains its syntactical mooring but is annoyingly unreadable, and as an art form contains no grace, beauty, strength or even ugliness.

The pictures and images are confused cancellations of creativity, objects that are strictly neutral. Materials and technique are not considered important and treated candidly. Neeman's collages and photomontages (of

ceiling fans, playbills, family trees and female legs and underpants), because of basic materials inherent in the compositions, are approachable but still ring with 'anti' overtones. I think she has a desire to humiliate rather than proclaim, which, if carried further, can simply mean "copping out."

During a recent chat, I confronted Michal Neeman with the thought that her work contained elements of resentment and malevolence towards the tradition of aesthetics and the basic foundations of art. Further evidence pointed to her being a *dauerkente*,

devoted to spite and negation, as, for example, her overt carelessness and rehearsed mannerisms. She defended her effort by showing that she works with traditional materials and accepted forms; but she was unable to convince me of her desire to put them together in such a way that the results speak for themselves in artistic terms, without additional explanation or interpretation.

MY VIRULENCE is not directed at a form of art, a style or an innovative technique. Nor is it really levelled at Michal Neeman, the artist, for she seems to be honest in her act. But I think she is blinded by the politics, teaching and influence of contemporary life and the art system-business. It is directed at an idea bent on nullifying a belief in aesthetic forms that have served well if not always grandly.

Neeman believes, like so many of her colleagues, in something which is so transient and transparent, and descriptively reactionary, that its only truth lies in the immediate moment admitting no past and providing little substance for developing its future. Likewise, her alternatives are obstacles to understanding and appreciation. They are sterile, bankrupt and somewhat seedy. I question the logic of her exercises, as well as her performance.

To describe Neeman as a latter day Dadaist, prescribing the philosophies of Tzara and Breton, would only place her in their ideological camp.

"The beginnings of Dada," Tzara said, "were not the beginnings of art, but of disgust."

"Dada," wrote Jean Arp, "wished to destroy the hoaxes of reason and to discover an unreasoned order." But despite these negative statements, Dada's creativity was unique and ecstatic. Neeman's creative and productive output doesn't approach the soul that was translated into works of art by Picabia, Duchamp and Man Ray. A soul that was ignited in reaction to the autonomy of art but curiously possessed a quality of careless beauty and haunting ideas. Small items that Michal Neeman has forgotten about. (Yodfat Gallery, 180 Rehov Dizengoff.)

HAIFA SHOWS

Master of the print

Ephraim Harris

THE SHOW of works by Japanese printmaker ANDO HIROSHIGE (1797-1858) is a much larger exhibition than the previous one, now containing over 150 items in notably good condition. All from the Museum's own collection. They include wood-block prints, the entire thematic gamut from street scenes to the richly coloured birds and flowers; triptychs



Hiroshige: Pine tree at Ueno.

which have been separated in order to bring out the independent composition of each section (for excellent composition, note especially the ink drawing "Landscape" (147) and how the perilously overhanging tree completes the semi-circle, runs parallel to the house axis and imparts variety to the eye) books, drawings for fans, other drawings as preliminary sketches for the printers.

Hiroshige's chronological position in world art places him at the point where the Japanese print, approaching a climax, had been both influenced by Western creativity and had already begun to influence European painters. Yet it is pure chance that his career coincides with the Romantic Movement. His love of nature made him a romantic in his own right, appreciating clouds at sunset ("Late Spring at Mazaki," 4), rain pouring down at Shono (13) on the figures battling against snow in the air above snow-covered Kinayusan Temple (80), or just cloud effects at Asanobashi Bridge (85).

While in Europe a similar attitude to Nature and its vagaries led to soul-searching and, in pictorial art, to a progressive weakening of line, Hiroshige's forms and colours stay resolutely defined because on them depends his visual, rational (even if lyrical) pleasure in landscape: a curiously shaped tree ("Pine Tree at Ueno" 46), fish at the fishmonger's, women conversing, the wind blowing through kimonos ("Evening Promenade," 58), etc. This detection of Western influence becomes tricky. Take the two hanging scrolls, "Landscape of Kano" and "Two Fishermen at the Riverside," apart from the second's motifs, they look absolutely Western until one realises that Japanese artists had been developing perspective for 70 years before Hiroshige's birth.

On the other hand, the ground shadows in the warm street vista, "Sarawaka-cho at Night" (36), like the Europeanised watch on an 1828 New Year Greeting Card (84), hails from the West; and the deep, sickly blue, this artist's trademark, serving at its best, to depict night, was rendered possible by the then recent import of Prussian Blue from abroad.

An exhibition not to be missed. (Tokon Museum of Japanese Art), Till February.



Nora Frenkel: painting (Sara Levi Gallery, Tel Aviv).

(Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Rehov Pines).

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1976

The booing list

WITH ADVENT of the New Year, if I may be permitted in a Jewish newspaper to apply that term to 1978 C.E., "The Observer" ran a competition as to which characters its readers did not want to see on the media during the coming 12 months. Barty Phillips, who ran the column, noted rather sadly: "What a vast number of people you readers hate! There are more than 200 names on your media blacklist."

Show Biz personalities dominated the list — interesting, because I am sure that in Israel, politicians would be far ahead of non-entertaining entertainers. First place on the hate list went, predictably, to Elizabeth Taylor/Burton (Are they still married? Did she take his name?). With her hubby only two places behind. Second place was won by John Stonehouse, although one reader was prepared to see him once more — being executed.

Also high up were Jackie Onassis, Uri Geller, Idi Amin and Ilse Nastase, with all of which choices for the blacklist I, for one, certainly agree. Other British hates on the media are less well known. Among the politicians, Barbara Castle, Margaret Thatcher ("that silly woman," one reader comments) and Tony Wedgwood Benn are the main selections. Amazing to relate, Harold Wilson doesn't qualify.

Drawing up an Israeli hate list for the coming New Year would resolve itself, I suspect, largely into a catalogue of leading politicians. I would not allow the Minister of Finance to appear ever — the moment I see his face I know that he's announcing some new belt-tightening device.

The big three — Rabin, Peres and Allon — should be limited to one appearance a quarter, although I'm prepared to see them every fortnight on "Nikui Roah." All three should be barred

for ever from repeating remarks that they have made already. Thus, the Prime Minister should not be allowed to tell us again that nothing can be done about the Palestinians except hang on regardless through the lean years; the Minister of Defence should be forbidden to announce that only the Government will decide when and where settlement will take place; any explanation by the Foreign Minister that Mexico did not vote the way she voted must end on the cutting-room floor. This should be the destination of all shots of the Leader of the Opposition — in fact, on further reflection, all politicians should be kept off TV for the year. Seeing them on "Cleaning the Head" will be quite enough.

HIGH ON MY LIST of those I don't want to see are the two Chief Rabbis, unless they engage in an all-in wrestling contest, a duel, or some other entertainment: their verbal fistfights are a bore. Jews discussing why they don't immigrate to Israel, or how unhappy they are that they did — out. Also out — Jews telling us how happy they are about having immigrated. Just leave us alone. Golda — right out.

An irritant that should be nipped in the bud right now is women disclosing that they slept with Jack Kennedy — I suspect that this nuisance is going to burgeon. President Ford's silly face — out — although I don't mind seeing his backside as he falls in the snow.

Other hates of mine: Young Israeli pop singers imitating their European inferiors. Savants on "Moked," Russian gymnasts. Columbo bumbling after a known killer. Anything to do with religion. The principle of balance, which obliges me to hear two bores on opposite sides of the fence, and to try to make up my



Scene from "The Statue," an Arabo serial drama starting tomorrow, Saturday, at 6.45 p.m. (Hamelid).

mind which of them is more unattractive and more misguided in his opinions. That will do for starters. Maybe readers have some suggestions about whom they hate most.

SO MUCH FOR what I don't want: now let's look at what we had this final week of the year. "Moked" gave us a potted version of 12 months of news, most of it calamitous, with the wrong people winning the wars; nature carrying on as if she were *homo sapiens*, as she ravaged the earth with floods, famine, drought and earthquakes; the weather gone crazy everywhere, oil and terrorists triumphant. The one bright spot — the agreement with Egypt.

I still dream that some year some annual review will contain nothing but good things. How stupid, optimistic can one get? Nevertheless, one of my dreams

came true, a dream that I had never had the slightest hope of ever seeing fulfilled. On the Arabic programme's sports round-up of the year, I saw some shots of cricket! And marvellous shots they were too, of Jeff Thomson and Dennis Lillee massacring the English batsmen, and of Clive Lloyd thrashing the same Australian bowlers in the great Prudential Cup final.

Now why, I wonder, is world cricket considered suitable fare for Arabs, while Jews have to look again and again at that idiotic Russian girl gymnast, Olga something, and at skaters and skiers and all kinds of weirdies? I can understand why we don't get far too rough for us delicate Jews: Arabs are made of much tougher fibre. But why cricket for them and not for us? I would hate to think that, returning to the land of my forefathers, I am still a victim of discrimination.

I hope all sensible people noted how awful Mexico City looked, how bad the guide was, how unattractive the hotel staffs — Mexico is clearly an awful place for a visit. But by and large, I have decided that, in the long run, Macloed is the best of all the thrillers.

Pe'er of the realm

Ephraim Kishon

ONE OF THESE cold days we are sitting by a friendly fireside and heating our brains for some pinpoint of light in the Israeli gloom; but except for our smashing victory over the Dutch, and Daniel Moynihan, we can't find a thing. Suddenly one of us, an intellectual forsooth, leaps up and says with great feeling:

"Got it! Kolbotek!"

We burst into spontaneous applause, and our mood changes at once from blue to pink. Yes, indeed, this youthful TV magazine of gripes and wrath certainly makes for a fresh breeze in our muggy Mediterranean air. Actually, it's quite beyond us how this gallant programme ever managed to infiltrate the ranks of our Broadcasting Auth. to start with. But be that as it may, it's a fact that every week, come Thursday, it brings a dose of unalloyed pleasure and unholy joy into our homes.

Every time a can of bean soup proves on opening to be a can of has-been soup; every time a kg. of something fails to watch its weight, or a screw missing in a Tel Aviv citizen's watch turns up miraculously in a Jaffa citizen's bread; whenever a burnt match is found swimming free-style in a bottle of orange juice, a bureaucratic coup de disgrace is uncovered or an advertisement promising heaven is unearthed — we bow our head before that nice Daniel Pe'er and his panel of immortals like so many bent Hanukkah candles in a local box.

Ah, if only the State Comptroller were as efficient as they.

wagon to the weekly revelations. Whenever a local product is called on the carpet and the cockroach in it given star treatment, we hurry out and buy the very article that's just been knocked on the telly. We work on the simple assumption that the makers of said article won't lapse again so soon, and we can be sure it'll stay good and unbecockroached for a month at least.

The system, my friends, is tried and tested. Ever since the Pe'erian finger was wagged at that naughty filling-station that used to mix its blessings, we buy our petrol nowhere but at that, selfsame station, because we figure that there, and perhaps only there, the 94 octanes will really be 94 and not an octane less.

The reader is hereby advised that next time he watches, say, an Electric Corporation caper being tak-tak'd on the screen, he should rush off to that august body and settle all his current accounts so long as the voice of Daniel still echoes in the land...

The rule is: always prefer an article that has already passed the Kolbotek.

THE ONLY THING about this programme that bothers me is its inhuman aspect. I mean, I don't see why shaving-cream and telephones should get all the attention, and our public personalities have Parliamentary immunity. It's not as if there weren't any officials who had a screw loose, or a Minister who only weighed half of what he ought according to the institution on the label. I'm sure they could also take an occasional Party machine apart to see what's inside.

We look fondly to the day when the Pe'erless Daniel will lay a bury package on the studio table, peel off the wrapping, take out a politician large as life and say: "In your pre-election announcements, sir, you promised..."

Forget it.

Translated by Miriam Arad
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv"

FOR SOME TIME NOW we ourselves have been hitching our

BIBLICAL BYWAYS

L. I. Rabinowitz

Lost festival

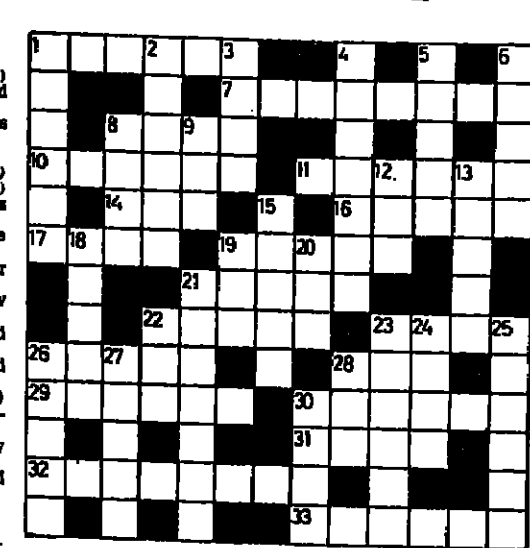
TOMORROW is Rosh Hodesh, the New Moon, and in the synagogue, among the additions to the normal Sabbath service, will be the reading of what is called "half Hallel," the songs of praise which are Psalms 118-119 but "halved" by omitting the first halves of Psalms 118 and 119. There is no apparent reason for this addition. These songs are sung on joyous festivals, and the origin of their inclusion in the service of the New Moon is a strange one.

Rav, who made Babylon the spiritual centre of Jewry, was surprised, on his return there from the Land of Israel to hear this addition to the service on Rosh Hodesh, since he knew no authorities who worshipped to desist; but when he saw that they deleted the halves of the two psalms, he commented, "It is obvious that they have a tradition to this effect," and not only did he not forbid it, but it became a standard throughout the Jewish World.

TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

CRYPTIC PUZZLE

1 Bob may change here (4)
2 Talks about discontinued currency (5)
3 Woman with two masters (4)
4 Knew a book for you (6)
5 Reach a river quickly (4)
6 Member of a cricket side (3)
7 In "21 Acres" this worker's department (6)
8 It's in more ways than one that they're clever (4)
9 When Charlie gets a letter from me, it's void (5)
10 I am described in the study of this other (4)
11 It may go to a soldier's head (5)
12 They can easily be shelled (4)
13 When a song or just one (5)
14 One on the floor in a drug-store? (3)
15 They're regularly made by and from (5)
16 Make a hash with cake and mixed log (6)
17 Friends of Kluge? (4)
18 Native I speak (2 of 4)
19 Formerly healthy yet unimpaired (2 of 6)
20 Mohammedan male, maybe (4)
21 Or, if French horn (3)
22 Still in bear training (3)
23 Showing superiority in dealing (7)
24 No container (3)
25 Unhappy so as to cause pain (6)
26 They could mean nothing to a doctor (4)
27 Place of clothing less respected (5)
28 Organisation the FA aim to shake up (6)
29 Not a member to a representative (6)
30 Old and a bit-trump (3)
31 Never the basic morning (4)
32 Wrongly (5)



DOWN
1 Collier's place (4)
2 Inclusive follow from Sheriff (7)
3 Time of yearning (4)
4 Put got to on a horse (3,4)
5 Basis for a heading (5)
6 Anxious to keep people quiet? (3)
7 In normal times, helps and runs (5)
8 Old from Minshend, 107 (4)
9 On the edge (3)
10 On the edge (3)
11 On the edge (3)
12 On the edge (3)
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30 On the edge (3)
31 On the edge (3)
32 On the edge (3)

ACROSS
1. Frazzled, 2. A hash, 3. A hash, 4. A hash, 5. A hash, 6. A hash, 7. A hash, 8. A hash, 9. A hash, 10. A hash, 11. A hash, 12. A hash, 13. A hash, 14. A hash, 15. A hash, 16. A hash, 17. A hash, 18. A hash, 19. A hash, 20. A hash, 21. A hash, 22. A hash, 23. A hash, 24. A hash, 25. A hash, 26. A hash, 27. A hash, 28. A hash, 29. A hash, 30. A hash, 31. A hash, 32. A hash.

EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Laugh (6)
2. Very busy (7)
3. Impudent (4)
4. Catchphrase (6)
5. Harsh (6)
6. Baneful (7)
7. Cold state (4)
8. Grease (5)
9. Grease (5)
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31. Grease (5)
32. Grease (5)

DOWN
1. Chat (6)
2. Balled (6)
3. Bird (4)
4. Merry-making (7)
5. Desire (5)
6. Theatre employee (5)
7. Large crowd (4)
8. Merry (3)
9. Goods vehicle (5)
10. Send (5)
11. Skin-opening (5)
12. Vase (3)
13. Sock (3)
14. Demented (3)
15. Vase (3)
16. Number (5)
17. Disorder of temper (7)
18. Allow (3)
19. Month (3)
20. Full leader (4)
21. Nip (3)
22. Snake poison (3)
23. Balled (6)
24. Distant (3)
25. Butter lumps (4)

SOLUTIONS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES ON MONDAY

WHOOOPS

When Bill Silverman of Rehovot "whoops" at the bridge table, it is not because he has whooping cough, it is because his charming wife and partner, Tova, has done it again.

Love all
WEST
♠ 98543
♥ 1076
♦ 1076
♣ 92
NORTH
♠ 1097
♥ 1097
♦ 1097
♣ 1097
SOUTH
♠ 1097
♥ 1097
♦ 1097
♣ 1097
It was in the local top-bottom game. The opening one no trump was 18-15 points, and four clubs

BRIDGE

By George Levinew
was a transfer bid asking South to bid four hearts.

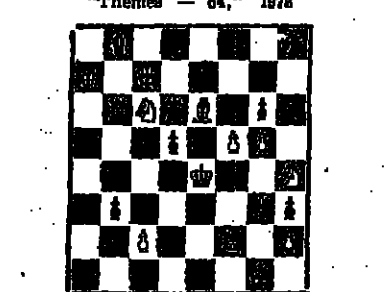
What would you lead as West? No lead is particularly desirable. A passive lead of a low trump might be preferable. As a second choice, a club lead had the hope with it that an extra defensive trick could be won by ruffing West chose the club 9, dummy played small, and East won with the ace. As East, what would you return? That long diamond suit in dummy looks like a threat. And if declarer had clubs, that lone king of spades should be quickly captured. But East was avaricious.

He hoped to set the contract through West trumping clubs twice. So he led the club 10, an unnecessarily high card requesting a spade lead. But the opening lead was not a singleton, and this was the undoing of the defence.

The club queen won in dummy and a heart was played to the ace. The club king brought forth the heart 8 from West and dummy over-ruffed. A diamond to the king gave declarer the opportunity to West trumped with the king — his one remaining heart. The spade king was discarded. Declarer made 11 tricks, a top on the board, whereas other players made one trick less.

Whether or not you regard the defence as more hopeful than sound, there are frequently opportunities for the declarer to take advantage of such slips as may occur.

CHESS / Eliahu Shahaf



USSR CHAMPIONSHIP 1978
For the fourth time, Tigran Petrosian clinched the coveted title (yes, even for a former world champion) of USSR champion, scoring 10 points out of 16 games. Tied second were Mikhail Tal, Boris Gelfand and Oleg Romanishin with 9½ points each. The event, held in Erzerum, was one of the most tense and fierce ever, with a remarkably low percentage of draws. Petrosian's score was 8 wins, 8 draws, one defeat. Gulko (20) and Romanishin (25) were the revelations of the tournament. Here is a fine game by the winner.

King's Indian Defence
1. P-PETROSIAN V. DOROSHEVICH
1. K1f3 K1f3 2. g3 g3 3. Bg2 Bg2 4. d4 d4 5. e4 e4 6. e4 e4 7. f3 f3 8. f3 f3 9. f3 f3 10. f3 f3 11. f3 f3 12. f3 f3 13. f3 f3 14. f3 f3 15. f3 f3 16. f3 f3 17. f3 f3 18. f3 f3 19. f3 f3 20. f3 f3 21. f3 f3 22. f3 f3 23. f3 f3 24. f3 f3 25. f3 f3 26. f3 f3 27. f3 f3 28. f3 f3 29. f3 f3 30. f3 f3 31. f3 f3 32. f3 f3 33. f3 f3 34. f3 f3 35. f3 f3 36. f3 f3 37. f3 f3 38. f3 f3 39. f3 f3 40. f3 f3 41. f3 f3 42. f3 f3 43. f3 f3 44. f3 f3 45. f3 f3 46. f3 f3 47. f3 f3 48. f3 f3 49. f3 f3 50. f3 f3 51. f3 f3 52. f3 f3 53. f3 f3 54. f3 f3 55. f3 f3 56. f3 f3 57. f3 f3 58. f3 f3 59. f3 f3 60. f3 f3 61. f3 f3 62. f3 f3 63. f3 f3 64. f3 f3 65. f3 f3 66. f3 f3 67. f3 f3 68. f3 f3 69. f3 f3 70. f3 f3 71. f3 f3 72. f3 f3 73. f3 f3 74. f3 f3 75. f3 f3 76. f3 f3 77. f3 f3 78. f3 f3 79. f3 f3 80. f3 f3 81. f3 f3 82. f3 f3 83. f3 f3 84. f3 f3 85. f3 f3 86. f3 f3 87. f3 f3 88. f3 f3 89. f3 f3 90. f3 f3 91. f3 f3 92. f3 f3 93. f3 f3 94. f3 f3 95. f3 f3 96. f3 f3 97. f3 f3 98. f3 f3 99. f3 f3 100. f3 f3 101. f3 f3 102. f3 f3 103. f3 f3 104. f3 f3 105. f3 f3 106. f3 f3 107. f3 f3 108. f3 f3 109. f3 f3 110. f3 f3 111. f3 f3 112. f3 f3 113. f3 f3 114. f3 f3 115. f3 f3 116. f3 f3 117. f3 f3 118. f3 f3 119. f3 f3 120. f3 f3 121. f3 f3 122. f3 f3 123. f3 f3 124. f3 f3 125. f3 f3 126. f3 f3 127. f3 f3 128. f3 f3 129. f3 f3 130. f3 f3 131. f3 f3 132. f3 f3 133. f3 f3 134. f3 f3 135. f3 f3 136. f3 f3 137. f3 f3 138. f3 f3 139. f3 f3 140. f3 f3 141. f3 f3 142. f3 f3 143. f3 f3 144. f3 f3 145. f3 f3 146. f3 f3 147. f3 f3 148. f3 f3 149. f3 f3 150. f3 f3 151. f3 f3 152. f3 f3 153. f3 f3 154. f3 f3 155. f3 f3 156. f3 f3 157. f3 f3 158. f3 f3 159. f3 f3 160. f3 f3 161. f3 f3 162. f3 f3 163. f3 f3 164. f3 f3 165. f3 f3 166. f3 f3 167. f3 f3 168. f3 f3 169. f3 f3 170. f3 f3 171. f3 f3 172. f3 f3 173. f3 f3 174. f3 f3 175. f3 f3 176. f3 f3 177. f3 f3 178. f3 f3 179. f3 f3 180. f3 f3 181. f3 f3 182. f3 f3 183. f3 f3 184. f3 f3 185. f3 f3 186. f3 f3 187. f3 f3 188. f3 f3 189. f3 f3 190. f3 f3 191. f3 f3 192. f3 f3 193. f3 f3 194. 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f3 f3 286. f3 f3 287. f3 f3 288. f3 f3 289. f3 f3 290. f3 f3 291. f3 f3 292. f3 f3 293. f3 f3 294. f3 f3 295. f3 f3 296. f3 f3 297. f3 f3 298. f3 f3 299. f3 f3 300. f3 f3 301. f3 f3 302. f3 f3 303. f3 f3 304. f3 f3 305. f3 f3 306. f3 f3 307. f3 f3 308. f3 f3 309. f3 f3 310. f3 f3 311. f3 f3 312. f3 f3 313. f3 f3 314. f3 f3 315. f3 f3 316. f3 f3 317. f3 f3 318. f3 f3 319. f3 f3 320. f3 f3 321. f3 f3 322. f3 f3 323. f3 f3 324. f3 f3 325. f3 f3 326. f3 f3 327. f3 f3 328. f3 f3 329. f3 f3 330. f3 f3 331. f3 f3 332. f3 f3 333. f3 f3 334. f3 f3 335. f3 f3 336. f3 f3 337. f3 f3 338. f3 f3 339. f3 f3 340. f3 f3 341. f3 f3 342. f3 f3 343. f3 f3 344. f3 f3 345. f3 f3 346. f3 f3 347. f3 f3 348. f3 f3 349. f3 f3 350. f3 f3 351. f3 f3 352. f3 f3 353. f3 f3 354. f3 f3 355. f3 f3 356. f3 f3 357. f3 f3 358. f3 f3 359. f3 f3 360. f3 f3 361. f3 f3 362. f3 f3 363. f3 f3 364. f3 f3 365. f3 f3 366. f3 f3 367. f3 f3 368. f3 f3 369. f3 f3 370. f3 f3 371. f3 f3 372. f3 f3 373. f3 f3 374. f3 f3 375. f3 f3 376. 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